

EVENINGS AT SEA.

A COLLECTION OF TALES

ORIGINALLY

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P R E F A C E.

THE preface to my book can be little more than an apology for its publication? I aspire but to amuse, or at least to interest ; perhaps, however, in a sanguine moment, I may admit a hope that these narratives may touch upon ~~some~~ chord of the reader's sympathy and vibrate even to his heart.

From the numerous tales which the experiences of the motley assembly of passengers, and the leisure of a long voyage furnished, these few have been selected, not perhaps as the most stirring, or the most original, but as those that presented the most vivid pictures of man in his various callings. I have loved to dwell chiefly upon the bright side of these pictures, but shade is, alas ! necessary for the

truthfulness, as well as for the effect of the painter's work, and may not be omitted. I have, however, endeavoured that ~~there~~ there should be no confounding of the two,—that the light and shade of human character should appear in undoubted contrast upon my poor canvas.

These short "Fictions" are fictions but in name and date, — each puppet that you see upon this little stage, has breathed and spoken, joyed and sorrowed in earnest actual life : each gallant impulse, each generous emotion, and, sad to say, each evil passion also, which has moved the wires, has throbbed, deep and real, in a human heart. In conclusion I shall only add that a portion of these pages has already appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and is here republished with the kind sanction of the proprietors of that excellent periodical.

FEBRUARY, 1850. .



EVENINGS AT SEA.

INTRODUCTION.

It has often been a matter of surprise that we should owe so little of the contents of our treasury of literature to officers of the navy while actually employed at sea. The abundant leisure at their disposal, the endless variety of places visited, of events witnessed, of perils shared in, which their noble and important profession forces upon them, would appear to give every facility to those who are gifted with descriptive or imaginative powers, and to be almost capable of creating such where they do not originally exist.

But any one who has himself been for a long time on the desert of waters can no longer regard this with astonishment; he will

have felt the difficulty of bringing the mind into active and continued exertion in pursuits unconnected with passing events. Though the physical functions may be stimulated into unusual vigour by the bracing air and healthful life on board, the power and energy of the mind are far from being proportionately increased.

Having just landed from a long and tedious voyage, I feel in my own experience a reproachful confirmation of this accusation of idleness against a life at sea. All the admirable resolutions of study and self-improvement, formed with the firmness of a Brutus on the shore, melted away with the weakness of an Antony when I trusted myself to the faithless bosom of the deep.

But there is no place where the stores of memory are more brought into use in the way of narration, than on board ship; perhaps it is that those who are at all inclined to garrulity find patient and idle listeners more readily than under any other circumstances.

My fellow-passengers, though not very numerous, were men of sundry countries, characters, and pursuits, and their manners and conversation made up in their odd and discordant variety for what they lacked in refinement and intellectuality. It appears to me always the wisest plan for a traveller to join in the society of his fellow-passengers, whoever or whatever they may be. It is our own fault if we ever meet any one so dull as to be incapable of affording us some amusement, or so ignorant that we can derive no instruction from his conversation. The fact is, that we are sure to be thrown into communication with many men who have travelled much, who have seen many countries, and tried many pursuits, of which we have known but little, and of which it must be always desirable that our information should be increased.

During our voyage, we usually assembled, in the fine calm evenings of a southern latitude, on the poop of the vessel, guarded from the evils of the dewy air by a tent-like tar-

paulin attached to the mizen-mast overhead, with the friendly glass, and the pipe or cigar, to aid our social chat. After a little time our conversation often lapsed into narrative. As the thread of our discourse twisted through the various textures of our different minds, a subject would at times strike on the strong point or favourite idea of some one of our party, and with a half passive, half interested attention, we would hear him to the end.

A few of these men had lived active and adventurous lives, and witnessed stirring scenes ; indeed, there was hardly one of them who had not some experience of interest, wherewith to contribute to the armoury with which we waged war against time, that enemy whose strength becomes almost a tyranny on board ship. Frequently, on the following morning, I used to endeavour to record the most striking of these narratives in the best manner my memory permitted—but I fear in a way which will prove but a too strong evidence of the soundness of the assertion I commenced by putting forth, as to the diffi-

culty of any literary effort while at sea. The first narrative which I find noted in my manuscript was related to us by the agent of an English mining company in Peru : he was then on his way to London on business connected with his calling, and seemed a man of quick intelligence, information, and kindly feelings. His description of the golden and beautiful region whence he had come, and the adventurous and prosperous labours of our own countrymen in that distant land, were highly interesting ; but a simple story of the noble conduct of one of his miners—a rude and illiterate Cornishman—caught my attention far more than anything else, and added another strong link to the chain of sympathy which binds my heart in love and kindly feeling to my fellow-beings. I give you his tale as I best can.

EVENING THE FIRST.

THE MINER.

IN the spring of the year 1838 a vessel sailed from Falmouth, with thirty-two Cornish miners and artisans on board, engaged by different companies for Peru. They were principally young and adventurous men, who were readily induced to change the certainty of hard work and indifferent remuneration at home for the chances of a strange land. Some of them took their families to share their fate, others left them behind, to await their return if unsuccessful, or to follow the next year, if fortune should befriend the emigrants.

Among these latter was John Short, a man of about four-and-thirty years of age; his brother-in-law, William Wakeham, two or

three years his junior, accompanied him : both were skilled and experienced miners. Mary Short, the wife of the former, remained with old Wakeham, her father, who was a small farmer, living in the neighbourhood of Penzance. She had been married some twelve years before this separation from her husband, and had two surviving children, both of them young and helpless.

Her father had been much angered at her marriage ; as in those days her young husband bore no very steady character, and was better known in the tap-room of the alehouse than at the labour-muster of the captain of the mine. Indeed, the father had threatened to turn her out of doors for persisting in keeping acquaintance with the idle miner ; and her brother, William Wakeham, a robust and quick-tempered young man, had beaten her lover severely in a drunken quarrel, originating in the same cause. The injuries were so severe that John Short was carried to an hospital, where his kind-hearted but violent assailant paid him the most careful and anxious attention. A friendship was there

formed which resulted in William Wakeham becoming a miner, and John marrying his sister. The father was finally and with much difficulty reconciled to both these arrangements.

The young couple toiled on well enough through their hard life ; the alehouse was abandoned, and but that poor* John was sometimes weak and ailing and could not work, Polly had no reason to regret her choice. William, who lived with them, was not quite so steady as they could have wished : he often stayed out all night, and they were not without suspicion that the employment of these hours of darkness was scarcely *reconcilable with strict obedience to the game-laws. In short, he was "had-up" several times, and more indebted to good luck, than either his innocence or any mild weakness of legislation, that he did not become one of those whom we have driven forth from among ourselves to be the founders of that great future empire, whose principal geographical feature is Botany Bay.

But whenever his brother was too ill to go down to the mines, he worked double tides ;

and neither the heathery moors nor shady coverts had charms enough to tempt him away, when his sister or her family wanted half the loaf his labour was to purchase. At length hard times came upon the neighbourhood: work was scarce and wages low; the consequence was that the game in the adjoining preserves suffered considerably, and the tap-room of the village alehouse echoed with the voice of sedition and discontent, instead of the coarse but good-humoured gossip and song which had formerly been wont to be heard within its walls. This proved an excellent opportunity for the mining agent to secure good workmen for some speculations then being entered upon in South America. Accordingly a flaming advertisement in huge red and blue letters was posted up all over the country,—“Speedy fortune to be realised—gold mines of Peru—wanted some steady and experienced miners—high wages—free passage and a bounty.”

Poor William Wakeham's literary acquirements but just enabled him to make out the drift of the offer: Peru or Palestine, it was all

the same to him ; no change could make him much worse off than he already was. A picture at the top of the advertisement, of a man with a broad-brimmed hat, a pickaxe in one hand, and an enormously plethoric purse in the other, had great weight with him ; and a strong hint from a neighbouring magistrate who preserved pheasants, quite determined his acceptance of the opportunity, if he could only persuade his brother-in-law to join the venture. After a good deal of argument and many consultations, John Short consented to go. He was threatened with ejection from his cottage for arrears of rent, which the company's promised bounty would be more than sufficient to discharge ; but what overcame his greatest difficulty was, that he received a promise from the agent, that Polly and the little ones should follow them out next spring, for in this present voyage the number of women allowed to accompany the emigrants had been already completed. In the meantime she was to receive a portion of her husband's and brother's wages, which would make her comfortable and independent in her

father's house. Poor thing! she combated the scheme strenuously; and all the prospects of making their fortune, and their present dire necessity, could scarcely induce her to agree to so long a separation.

Her husband and brother embarked after a cheerful but affectionate parting. She went home to her father's, who treated her kindly enough, and she cried her eyes out for a week; but then the toils and anxieties of daily life distracted the sadness of her mind, and the strong hope of soon joining her husband again, and of their returning to England in a few years' time, supported her through the tedious interval.

The brothers were astonished at all they saw on board. The ship itself—the rudder—the compass—everything was new to them: they had scarcely ever been out of their own remote parish before, and the strangeness and novelty of what they saw diverted their simple minds for a time even from poor Polly and her parting sorrow. But when the vessel was once fairly under way, and the verdant slopes and woody hills of their fatherland had begun to grow dim

in the distance, and the gloomy monotony of the great sea lay around instead, a dreary anxiety possessed their minds, and a vague feeling, almost of terror, sank into their stout hearts. They would then have gladly sacrificed all their gilded prospects, to be back once again in their little cottage, with poor Polly and their poverty. It was, however, too late ; they could scarcely tell, in the fading light of evening, whether it were a cloud or a dim line of hills which stretched close along the horizon, in the direction where lay the home they had left behind, perhaps for ever.

Before them was the ocean ; to them a confused and indistinct idea—unknown and uncertain as their future fate.

I am sorry to say William Wakeham's education had been by no means elaborate. Perhaps he was not altogether to blame for this ; for though the masters he had laboured under cared very closely for the development of his stout and vigorous limbs, his moral improvement by no means interested them to an equal extent. But, worse than all, his ideas on theological

subjects were exceedingly indistinct—the little religious instruction he had ever received having been in a small chapel of the Ranting persuasion, which, as the only house of worship close at hand, he occasionally attended. Indeed, his stock of knowledge on these subjects consisted in a vague notion that the Pope and the Devil were perpetually engaged in mining operations, under houses of parliament, with explosive intentions.

But there was an instinct of reverence in his rude mind, an impression of awe and love for that God of whom he had heard his mother often speak, many years ago, when he was a little child, before her early death. Sometimes in the bright summer nights, when he was labouring in the bowels of the earth, he would rest awhile from his work, and gaze up through the shafts at the blue sky, till the dim but holy memories of the past crowded on his brain. He fancied then that the Great Being looked down from the high Heaven through a million starry eyes, into the deep mine—into his simple heart; and he felt that there was One far greater than

the captain of the workmen, or even than Squire Trebeck, the neighbouring magistrate, and to whom the strength of his own vigorous limbs was but the weakness of a child.

When in the summer Sunday afternoon he rambled on the pleasant surface of the earth, in the fresh open air, with his brother and sister, and felt the warm sunshine, and saw the golden corn, and the lazy cattle, and the trout leaping in the pool—and heard little fidgetty birds with very big voices, singing with all their might to tell how happy they were—he felt that He who is great is also good,—that He who has all power has boundless mercy too.

But ignorance and evil companions very often led poor William astray: and when temptations pulled one way and his good instincts another, it sometimes ended that he would poach, and drink, and fight, as much as any of them, and prove very sore and penitent the next morning. John Short was what is called “a good kind of man,” with few of the faults or virtues of his brother-in-law. He was quiet, industrious, and a good husband, but of a weakly constitution,

and not much character or peculiarity one way or the other. Ever since their first quarrel these two had continued in hearty favour and good-will one towards the other. And this friendship helped them through many a pinch, and cheered many a rough day.

It would be needless to follow the miners all through their voyage,—to tell at length how they wondered that the sea could be so wide and the world so large,—how the sun, as they went westward, seemed to travel so much faster—and that, in spite of all they could do, their great fat watches could not keep up with him;—and how a great storm arose, and blew for three whole days and nights in their teeth, and raised up monstrous waves to drive the vessel back;—then how the calm came, and the sails, wet with the heavy dews, hung idly on the spars, like Polly's washing on the lines in the back-yard at home.

After many weeks they touched at Rio Janeiro, when they went ashore for a little while to stretch their limbs. They were astonished at all they saw—the vast fleet of ships, the busy

quays, the crowds of strange-looking brown people, who were dressed like the man they had seen in the play long ago at Penzance fair, and the queer way they all talked, so that our friends could not understand a word they said; and the priests with loose robes and comical hats, who made them wonder if there were a parliament at Rio, for it would be surely blown up; mules larger than horses, with coats as smooth as satin; and above all, they were astonished at seeing a crowd of very ugly black people chained hand to hand in one of the squares, tethered for all the world like sheep on the market-green at home. They were fairly bewildered; and when they got on board again they agreed that they could not attend to digging, even for gold itself, if Peru were half so foreign a looking place as that.

They have left Rio, and steer along the Patagonian shore; the weather grows colder, the seas more stormy. They pass the gloomy mountains of the desolate and mysterious "Land of fire." Sometimes in the dark and tempestuous nights they can distinguish far away over

the western sea, sudden bursts of volcanic flame issuing from these unknown solitudes, illuming the frowning sky above, and the rocky wilderness around. In a long-continued storm of wind, and sleet, and snow, they double Cape Horn; then in a short time more, as they tend again towards the delightful regions of the tropics, the soft breezes of the Pacific fill their sails, and the calm sea and gentle climate repay them for the storms and hardships they have struggled through.

They touch at Valparaiso for a few days, where their simple wonder is again renewed; and, finally, early in August, disembark at Lima, having gone through their long voyage in health and strength. After a short time allowed them to recruit, the emigrants were divided into several parties, and pushed on to the different stations in the interior. The mine which our friends were destined to aid in working was about ten days' journey from the coast. At some remote period of time, it had been worked with great success by the Indians; but till its recent re-discovery by a singular accident,

when it passed into the hands of a wealthy English company, it had remained unknown; the secret of its locality having died with the Indian chief, whose hatred of the rapacious Spaniards had caused him to fill up the shaft, and hide all traces by which it could be found. There was a continual ascent: for a few days they passed through comparatively peopled lands, and usually stopped at some village or hamlet by a river's side, where provisions and refreshments could be obtained for themselves and their mules, without trenching on their stores. Indeed the abundant wild fruits, and rich and luxuriant grasses, would have stood them in good stead with but little other assistance.

But the last three days of their journey was through savage and sterile hills, by rocky gorges cut in the hard soil by streams now nearly dry; and the unbeaten track told them that travellers but rarely intruded on this lonely district. At length they reached their journey's end, and set stoutly to work to erect huts, and establish themselves for the coming winter. Numbers of Indians and half-castes soon joined them to

assist in the simpler labours of the mine, and supply the workmen with provisions and other necessaries of life. Twelve of the Cornish men were employed in this party. Their first labours were directed to sinking a shaft of considerable depth in the mountain's side, at the place which the discoverer pointed out.

Some months elapsed before the miners arrived at any satisfactory indications of precious ores; but, confident in ultimate success, our friends had got the clerk to write for them to Polly to say "all 's well," and that she must not fail to come, as they were now housed and ready to make her and the little ones comfortable in that strange country.

At the time of the expected arrival of the ship which was to bear her, the completion of the great shaft was close at hand; the appearance of the veins of ore were such as to create the most sanguine expectations, and a day was fixed for finishing off the shaft previous to commencing to raise the precious object of their labours. They worked till late on the evening of the appointed day in boring and tamping for

a large blast which was to clear away the last ledge of rock lying between them and the vein of metal.

When the charge was completed, William Wakeham and John Short were left below to fire it. The other workmen were raised upon a stage by the windlass in the usual manner; and with most culpable carelessness hastened off to the spirit shop which had already cursed the little settlement with its presence, to make merry for having arrived at this stage of their labours, leaving only a weakly boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age at the windlass. There was some delay in fixing the match; and ere all was ready, the short twilight of those sultry regions had darkened into night, and William's old friends, the stars, looked down on him again through the deep well, as they had often done of yore. Then he and John talked of the old times and the old country, and of Polly's coming soon, and how the little ones would have grown, and how, in a few years, they would all go back home again over that terrible sea, and lay their bones to rest at last in the Cornish soil. They

had no business to linger so long over their work ; but once they began to talk over such things as these, it was hard to stop them.

“ Now we have done with this weary blast,” said Wakeham, as he lighted the fuse, and stepped with his brother, on to the stage. He then sounded the whistle, the signal for working the windlass to raise them. They rose very slowly—unpleasantly so, indeed, for the fuse would burn but for five minutes. “ Hurry on—wind faster,” shouted William. Instead of that the stage stopped altogether, and a feeble childish voice from the deep pit cried, “ You are too heavy, I can only raise one at a time.” Get help quickly or we’ll be blown up !” shouted William, now seeing the imminent peril. For some twenty feet below in the dark hole he saw the match burning rapidly down, fizzing and flashing as if running a race with them for life. “ Get help !” again he shouted. But the feeble voice, now in a terrified tone, told them that all were gone away but that one weak boy. “ But I think I can raise one.” There was but a moment to spare—perhaps not even that.

What passed through William Wakeham's mind at that tremendous time no tongue can ever tell. He dearly loved life; his pulse beat in the full vigour of sturdy health; he had learned but little of that hope of which the fulfilment "passeth all understanding;" he had never read how the Roman or the Greek sought death in a good cause, and gave their names to brighten history's page, and gain what in our vain human talk is immortality. But that Great Being whose power and love had spoken to him in the bright stars and pleasant fields, had planted in the rude miner's breast a good and gallant heart, and in that time of trial he did as brave a deed as ever poet sang. "Good-by, John, look to poor Polly!" One grasp of his brother's hand, and he leaped from the stage down into the darksome pit.

Now the windlass winds freely up: there is hope for the one left; but the match burns quickly too, and writhes and flashes close down to the charge. Lay on stoutly! lay on!—strain each nerve, weak boy!—on every pull is the chance of a human life! John Short

reaches the mouth of the shaft in safety; but before he springs out on the ground he turns one look below. His brother lay motionless on the bottom on one side of the rich vein of metal; at the other, the terrible match blazed up just as it reached the charge. Senseless with terror, he fell on his face at the pit's mouth, and the next moment up burst the mine, shooting the rent rock and the heavy clay into the air above.

When John Short recovered himself from his stupor, he looked down the gloomy hole, from whence the heavy sulphurous smoke of the powder still ascended, with hopeless agony; and as he wrung his hands he cried, "Oh! poor Bill, dear boy, would that I had been there instead of you!" But stop—surely that is a voice—listen closer—yes—God of mercy! he is alive still. Up from the bowels of the earth comes that cheery, hearty voice, not a tone the worse.

How my heart warms as I tell this tale! Would that I had words to stir up your spirits to love and admiration! Gallant William

Wakeham—noble child of nature—chivalrous boor—hero unstained by slaughter! Were there in the sight of the Omnipotent aught of glory in any human action, surely your brave deed would shine before Him in a brighter light than “the sun of Austerlitz” shed upon the fatal field where the power of an empire was trampled in the dust.

Down went the stage, — up came Bill, blackened and bruised a little to be sure, but not to signify a jot; he had struck his head in falling against the side of the shaft and was stunned by the blow. It so happened, by one of those wonderful contingencies which sometimes occur when, in human eyes, escape seems impossible, that he fell in a corner protected by the tough metallic vein which projected a little above the level of the bottom. The explosion bent this by its force, instead of shattering it like the surrounding rock, and turned the ledge over him. This in a great measure defended him from the stones which fell back again into the mine. The shock aroused him from the stunning effect of the blow which he

had received in falling, and he shouted heartily, " All right, John ! all right ! "

His reward soon came ; Polly and the children arrived safe and well. When she wept with joy, and thanked him in her own simple way for having saved her husband for her, he was so happy in their happiness that he would readily have jumped into the bursting mine again, rather than they should be parted any more. When our narrator, the mining agent, left Peru, the brothers were preparing to return to England ; they had got on well enough, and had saved sufficient money to enable them to stock a little farm, near the village in Cornwall where they were born.

By the time this long story was told, it was past the usual hour of going to our berths ; but I am ashamed to say that several of our party had already taken a large instalment of their night's rest, and knew no more about our friend William Wakeham than of the man in the moon.

EVENING THE SECOND.

OUR next narrator was a retired officer of the army, who had become a settler in South America, after many years unprofitable service at home and abroad. He had rapidly advanced in worldly wealth in the country of his adoption, but memory seemed ever to do him a kindness, when it bore him back to the days when he first entered on life's journey—his sword, and a hopeful heart, his sole possessions. When the subjects of our discourse chanced to awaken any of these recollections, he would usually hold forth with such an energy of prosi-ness, that we were fain to submit with as good a grace as possible, where there was no escape, and endeavour to interest ourselves in the adventures he had met with, and the fates and fortunes of the companions of his youth. The

story I give here, was one he told us of a young officer, who had served in the regiment with him.

HENRY MEYNELL.

In the *Gazette*, dated "War Office, 14th June, 1828," was contained the following announcement : — " Henry Wardlaw Meynell, gentleman, to be ensign" the regiment does not matter, but its mess-room was honoured by the presence of the above-named military aspirant one day, about two months after the date of his commission. He was introduced to his brother-officers, examined by them from head to foot, shown into a bare uncomfortable garret — of which he was installed proprietor, allotted a tough old grenadier as his valet-de-chambre, and then left to his own devices till dinner-time.

While the iron-fingered veteran was extracting the smart new uniform from the travelling chest, and arranging it on the oak table, under the directing eye of his master, the officers in

the mess-room were forming their opinions of the appearance of the new-comer, with the balmy assistance, in this mental effort, of strong military cigars. His age was nearly twenty-one years, and he looked perhaps older. His figure was tall, slight, and graceful, more formed than is usual in early youth, and bespeaking strength and activity. His face was almost beautiful in feature and form when silent, but as he spoke, a certain thinness of the lips betrayed itself, and somewhat marred its singular attractiveness. Dark brown hair, high clear forehead, teeth perfect in regularity and whiteness, oval outline, head and neck shapely, and well set on; in short, altogether such a person as one rarely sees, either in a regiment, or elsewhere.

As the "who is he?" is always a most important point of English introduction, and as I would fain hope that you may take some interest in this person as we proceed, you should be told, that he is the second son of the only brother of a bachelor squire of very large estate in Yorkshire; his father, a profligate and

spendthrift living at Boulogne, while he and his brother are adopted by the uncle. His poor broken-hearted mother has slept sweetly for many years near the village-church where she was wed.

Eton received him when very young; he there lost his Yorkshire manners, learnt to row and swim, and acquired a certain precocious knowledge of the world, and proficiency in tying a white neckcloth. The labours of the classics and of science were alike distasteful to him; study of any kind he abhorred; yet so acquisitive was his intellect, retentive his memory, and powerful his ability, that when he left Eton at eighteen, few youths presented a more showy surface of information. He had had one or two narrow escapes from expulsion for offences, in which the vices of maturer years were mixed up with boyish turbulence; but a certain element of depth and caution, even in these outbreaks, saved him from incurring their usual penalties. He was admirable in all active exercises, had a magnificent voice, and singular taste and talent for music and painting.

As a social companion, he was brilliant when he thought fit to exert himself: at other times he was silent and rather thoughtful, perhaps too thoughtful for his years. Though he always lived with the most dissipated and uproarious set, even in his vices there was a degree of refinement, less of the brute, more of the devil; he did not err from impulse, but when opportunity presented itself, he considered whether the pleasure were worth the sinning, and if he thought it was, he sinned. He was more admired than liked among his young companions; and those in authority over him were quite uncertain whether he would turn out a hero or a villain.

From Eton he went to Oxford, there took to dissipation and extravagance, neglected all rules and application, wore out the patience of the authorities, and the liberality of his uncle, and, after about a year's trial, was withdrawn from the University to save him from retiring by compulsion. He was then sent to travel for a year under the prudent care of his elder brother. It will be unnecessary to track them

through their wanderings; suffice it to say, that they did what young gentlemen travelling usually do, and visited the places that everybody visits, but with this difference, with regard to Henry Meynell, that he acquired the principal European languages as he went along, and travelled with his eyes open; what was gained with great labour by others seemed to be as a gift to him. He had also begun to consider that he might at last provoke his uncle too much, and injure his prospects; so that he conducted himself with caution and tolerable steadiness during his time of travel. To finish this apparent reformation, a commission was obtained for him in an infantry regiment under a martinet colonel, and a moderate allowance provided for his support. Having given this sketch of his appearance, family, character, and antecedents, he is now fairly entitled to take his seat at the mess-table.

His corps was what the young warriors of the present day, call "rather slow;" it had, indeed, been very much distinguished in the

Peninsula, but since then a severe course of Jamaica and Demerara had excluded from it all wealthy and aristocratic elements; and the tablets it left behind in the West Indies were only raised to the memory of Smiths and Joneses, whose respective vacancies had since been filled up with Joneses and Smiths. In those days the rotation system had not been yet adopted, and the young gentlemen in "crack regiments," only knew of yellow fevers and land-crabs, through reading of them in books; and even through that channel, it would, perhaps, be unsafe to assert that they were much informed on these subjects, or, indeed, on any other.

At the head of the mess-table sat a gray-headed captain, who had been frost-bitten in Canada, wounded in the Peninsula, and saved by an iron constitution from the regimental doctor and yellow fever on Brimstone Hill, St. Kitts; and, despite his varied adventures and ailments, had contrived to accumulate an immense rotundity in his person, and quantity and vividness of colour in his countenance. At the

foot, was a tall young gentleman, with high cheek-bones and a Celtic nose, who had lately joined from Tipperary. The colonel sat in the centre of one side of the table, stiff in attitude, sententious in discourse, invulnerable in vanity ; a fierce-looking navy captain, and the meek mayor of the town, supported him to the right and left. A few diners out, fathers of families, and men who played a good game of billiards, and preferred the society of ensigns, were the remainder of the guests ; the other gentlemen in red were variations on the fat captain and the Tipperary ensign.

The mess-room was long and narrow, with a profusion of small windows on both sides, causing the light to fall on every one's face. There were two doors at each end of the room, and one at the side, which last, as it led nowhere, and made a draught like a blow-pipe, had been lately stopped up with a different coloured plaster from the rest of the wall. But indeed there was such a curious variety of draughts, ~~that~~ one was scarcely missed ; every door and window in the room sent in its current

of air, to search under the table, flare the candles, bear in in triumph the smell of burnt fat from the kitchen, and poke into the tender places of rheumatic patients; while, in spite of all these, the room was so close and redolent of dinner, that fish, flesh, and fowl, were breathed in every breath. A scant and well-worn carpet covered the space on which the dinner-table stood; and portable curtains of insufficient number and enormous size ornamented a few favoured windows, waved in the erratic draughts, and tripped up incautious attendants, diffusing all the while the stale odour of tobacco smoke through the other varied smells. At one end of the room was a round table with a faded red cloth, strewn with newspapers, the corners of which had generally been abstracted for the purpose of lighting cigars,—the “Army List,” the king’s regulations, and the *Racing Calendar*. At the other end, a large screen, battered at the edges from frequent packings, diverted the course of the kitchen steam which entered by the door next it; this piece of furniture was covered

with prints, some caricatures of other days, some sporting sketches—breaking cover—the Derby—fast coaches—the ring, &c.—some opera beauties, on whom sportive and original ensigns had depicted enormous moustaches, and others of rather an equivocal description.

At a given signal, the covers were removed, and some dozen of iron-heeled soldiers, dressed in various liveries, commenced scattering the soup and fish about with the same reckless indifference to consequences with which they would have stormed a breach. While Meynell was gradually coughing himself into a recovery from the effects of some fiercely peppered mulligatawney, he was asked by the stiff colonel to take wine, when the fat captain, and all the others at brief intervals followed the example. For some time, there was steady attention paid to eating and drinking, and but few words spoken, beyond “mutton if you please—thank you—rather under-done—glass of sherry—with pleasure—your health—I’ll trouble you for a wing,” &c. But as the dinner progressed, and the fiery wine began to tell, horses and dogs,

wine and women, guards and grievances, promotion and patronage, began to exert their influence on the discourse, and by the time the cloth was removed, every one seemed to talk louder than his neighbour, and the din was almost insupportable. Then, through the roar of the many voices, was heard an ominous shuffling behind the screen, now extended all across the room; an attuning scream of the clarionet, moan of the violin, and grunt of the bassoon, faintly foretold the coming storm, which in a few seconds burst upon the ears in the most furious form of the "overture to Zampa" by the regimental band; this continued, with variations, but scarcely a lull, for a couple of hours.*

Meanwhile the bottles pass freely round, and the roar of voices continues louder and thicker than ever; some of the younger officers, mere boys, have yielded to their potent draughts, and sought their rooms; others, maddened with the wine and din, shout snatches of songs, argue vociferously, and loudly offer absurd bets, which the sporting gentlemen, who are strong

in billiards, note down in little pocket-books. The band retires, whist tables are laid, brandy and water and cigars make their appearance, and the mess-room is soon in a cloud. After a couple of rubbers of whist, the colonel, and most of the older officers and guests, retire. As the door closes behind them, a flushed youth with swimming eyes and uncertain step, rushes to the table and shouts, "Now we'll make a night of it,—the bones! the bones!" Dice are soon brought, and the work of mischief begins. "Don't you play, Meynell?" said the flushed youth. "Not to-night, thank you," was the answer. Not to-night—for to-night he is cautiously feeling his way,—the scene's new to him,—he does not yet find himself at home, or on his strong point. He sits quietly down on the well-worn sofa and looks on; his head, in spite of the fiery wine and distracting band, is quite cool; he has watched himself and drunk but sparingly, and now he watches others.

The players are seated at the round table, with eager faces and straining eyes watching

the chances of the game. One of the guests is among them, a man with black moustaches and rather foreign appearance, a billiard-room acquaintance of the flushed youth; a capital fellow, they said, up to every thing, and very amusing. It was unlucky, however, for the cause of conviviality, that he was rather indisposed that day, and could take very little wine. But fortune now seemed to make amends to him for this deprivation, for he won at almost every throw. The flushed youth curses his luck, but doubles his stakes till he has lost a heavy sum. Meynell's quick eye observed that the foreign-looking gentleman lowered his hand under the table before each of these very successful throws. "You had better change the game," said he coolly to the loser, "luck is against you." The youth dashed the dice on the floor, seized the cards, and challenged the party to "vingt-et-un;" as he had been the heaviest loser, the others agreed, and the cards were dealt rapidly around.

It is by this time well on towards the dawn, the gray light already shows the shadowy out-

line of the distant hills, the dewy morning air breathes softly in through the open windows, on the parched lips and fevered brows of the gamblers; but it is an unheeded warning. Stake after stake is lost, some light, others heavy, all, perhaps, more than can be spared; but the worst loser is losing still. The loss is very great, ruinous indeed; the pale man with the black moustaches has the same strange luck as ever; he says he quite wonders at it himself. He is dealer, and turns up a "vingt-et-un" almost every time. Now the flushed youth flushes deeper, his teeth are set—his eyes fixed on the table—an enormous sum is risked upon this chance, he has drawn winning cards, but the dealer may have a "vingt-et-un," and beat him still. The foreigner's hand is pressed on the table, outspread close to his cards. All this time Meynell had keenly watched the play; he had risen from the sofa noiselessly, taking a large carving-fork from the suppertable, and, unobserved by any of the excited players, stood behind the dealer's chair; his thin lips firmly compressed, and the fork

grasped in his right hand, he leant over the table. This was at the point of the game when the decisive card was to be turned. Quick as thought, Meynell drives down the heavy fork through the dealer's hand, nailing it to the table—there is an ace underneath it; writhing with pain and shame, the unmasked cheat is hunted from the house.

Meynell at once became the leading man of the regiment; petted by the colonel on account of his aristocratic connexions; admired by the older officers for his knowledge of the world, and looked up to by the younger as the most daring in adventure, the most reckless in dissipation and expense. He repaid himself for the moderation of the first night at mess, when he was feeling his ground, by constant self-indulgence when he knew his power,—while the influence of his popularity and extraordinary social gifts, drew most of the youths, already, perhaps, too much disposed for such pleasures, to follow his example. The regiment had been rather dissipated before, but Meynell's presence in it was oil to the flame;

drinking, waste, and gambling, became general, ruining the circumstances and constitution of many, and injuriously affecting the morals of all. Scarcely a year had passed after this time, when several mere boys, who had entered this fatal corps with fair prospects and uncorrupted minds, were sent back to their unhappy parents with blasted characters and broken fortunes. In these sad catastrophes Meynell found a secret pleasure, strange as it was diabolical. Though he used all his address to gain followers and companions in his career, there was something flattering to his malignant pride when any one broke down in the attempt to keep pace with him. Sometimes after deep play, in which he was rarely a loser, he would confer apparent kindnesses on the sufferers, forgive them their liabilities, and render them pecuniary assistance ; but such help only postponed for a season the ruin that was almost sure to follow his fatal patronage, while his seeming generosity increased his influence, and silenced those who might have spoken against him. In equipage, appearance, and manners, he was the ornament

of the regiment, and considered by those authorities who did not inquire into morals, as a most promising young officer of high character and attainments.

I shall not weary you with any details of the next five years of his military life, of his peace campaigns, and marches from one town to another. But his track was marked with mischief wherever he went. He had several times, from his expensive mode of living, been obliged to appeal to his uncle for assistance, which was always rendered, accompanied, of course, by long and ineffectual lectures on the necessity of reformation. But the old man was flattered at his nephew's popularity, and pleased with his varied powers and accomplishments; by plausible representations, too, he was convinced that the irregularities which occasionally reached even his ears, were but the exuberance of youth, and the effervescence of a high spirit. Latterly, however, when the applications for money became more frequent, and the rumours of his dissipated life more numerous and authentic, the Squire, after having discharged all existing

debts, communicated his determination to limit his nephew strictly within the allowance for the future, and to refuse to meet any further liabilities.

Cautious, cool-headed, and able as Meynell was, he was wanting in that self-command necessary to alter his mode of life ; his expensive habits and vices had, through long indulgence, become almost necessities of existence. With his eyes fully open to his danger, he still kept on in the dark path that led to the ruin to which he had ruthlessly consigned many another, supported the while by a vague hope that some lucky chance would turn up to carry him through his difficulties. Tradesmen became pressing with their accounts,—he drew bills on his agent, renewed these when they became due, and drew others. This could not last long ; the value of his commission was soon mortgaged ; he borrowed money of advertising bill-discounters at enormous interest, and, in short, by the summer of 1834, Henry Meynell was a ruined man.

At this period he had just marched with his

regiment into a large seaport town in the south of England, where they were to be quartered for some time. About two miles inland from this town there is a small country place of singular beauty. The house stands on the brow of a green hill, the front looking over a magnificent neighbouring park, varied with grove, and lake, and rivulet. At the back is a trimly kept garden of tufts of flowers, like enormous bouquets thrown on the green velvet sward, with here and there a sombre cypress or cedar in pleasant contrast. A succession of small terraces, with steep grassy steps, leads down to a rapid brook that forms a little waterfall below. Half an arch of a bridge, ruined, no one knows how many years ago, now covered with thick clustering ivy, projects over the stream. Beyond, lie rich undulating pastoral lands, where cattle and sheep are grazing peacefully; on either side of the garden thick woods of beech and sycamore reach from the brook up to the house, shutting in this lovely spot with their dark green wall. The dwelling was originally Elizabethan, but had been so

often added to or diminished, that it would be hard to say now what it is ; but somehow the confusion of gables and excrescences have altogether a very picturesque effect, and luxuriant clematis and ivy conceal the architectural irregularities, or at least divert the eye from their observation. At the entrance to the house from the garden there is a porch, up a short flight of gray stone steps ; its sides are of trellis-work, covered with flowering creepers.

One sunny afternoon towards the end of June, in the year mentioned above, a fresh breeze rustled through the leaves, shook the rich clusters of fragrant roses that hung about the porch, and fanned the cheek of a young girl standing on the steps, who looked as fair and innocent as the flowers themselves. She was her mother's only child, and had seen but eighteen years. Her father had been a gallant sailor, knighted for his conduct in one action, and slain in the next. Her mother, Lady Waring, was thus left widowed while yet young ; but her loved husband's memory, and the care of her little daughter Kate, proved

enough of earthly interest for her, and she remained single ever afterwards. Sir William Waring had possessed a considerable share, as sleeping partner, in an old-established banking-house that bore the name of his family, as well as the residence I have tried to describe, so that his widow and child were left in very affluent circumstances. He was a first cousin of old Mr. Meynell, the Yorkshire squire.

Lady Waring was seated on a rustic bench in the garden with a book in her hand, but her eye was fixed with fond admiration on her daughter. The fair girl stood on the steps in the porch as on a pedestal surrounded with a frame-work of flowers. A straw hat, with a wide leaf, was placed coquettishly on one side of her head, and from its shade an abundance of black glossy ringlets fell over the sunshine of her face. She had never known a moment's sickness or sorrow; her eye had never met a frown; her ear had never heard a chiding. She seemed almost radiant with health and happiness—her joyous smile the overflow of her glad heart.

Lady Waring beckoned her over, and as she

moved to obey the summons, the shadow of her graceful sinuous figure scarcely appeared to touch the sward more lightly than herself. Kate sat down beside her mother, put an arm round her, and looked up joyfully into her face. It was one of those peculiar English days, when the sun shines with a fierce heat, but the east wind is sharp and cold, and the air ungenial where the rays do not reach. At the moment when Kate joined her mother, a thick cloud passed above their heads, throwing a heavy shade over them, while a breeze sweeping up from the brook cast a sudden chill. With an involuntary shudder they pressed for a moment closer together. At the same time a servant ushered a tall, strange gentleman into the garden. "Mr. Henry Meynell," he announced, and then withdrew.

The kinsman received a cordial greeting, and, of course, an invitation to remain that day, which was accepted. The charm of his manner and conversation was irresistible when he strove to please: he strove his utmost that night, and fully succeeded — mother and daughter were

alike won by him. When he rode away from the door at a late hour, Lady Waring was eloquent in his praise. Kate's eloquence was silence, but it spake quite as much, and that night she did not sleep so tranquilly as was her wont.

As Henry Meynell galloped home over the lonely road, the bland and winning smile which had played over his face all the evening contracted into a moody and sinister expression. The thin lips became compressed, and his arched brows extended into a hard dark line over his eyes. He was planning evil, and had no witness; at such times his features seemed to take this peculiar appearance as their natural cast; yet it was scarcely possible to believe that one, before so handsome, could suddenly become repulsive and painful to behold. His self-indulgent and dissipated life had already marked him with some of the symptoms of premature decay. Though still in early manhood, a slight wrinkle or two was perceptible; his cheek was pale when not flushed with excitement; and his eye, betimes glassy and

blood-shot, would betray the excesses of the previous night. But still, with the assistance of a judicious toilet, he could make his appearance present a very respectable degree of youthfulness; and this had been an occasion where no pains were spared to create a favourable impression. He had an object in view. In the desperate state of his finances, an advantageous marriage suggested itself to him as the easiest and readiest mode of extricating himself from his difficulties, and continuing his career of self-indulgence. His regiment having been ordered into the neighbourhood of his wealthy cousin appeared an opportunity too favourable to be neglected, so he had not lost a day in making her acquaintance. He hated the prospect of marriage as an inconvenience, but mocked at the idea of its being a restraint. The fair girl he had marked for his own rather pleased him; he liked her beauty, and was amused at her trusting innocence. He probably would have made love to her for pastime even had she not been rich. As it was, the sacrifice to his necessities which he intended to make was

somewhat mitigated in its severity. "I must have her money, so I am in for the stupid folly of virtuous love-making and marriage," was the sum of his thoughts as he dismounted at his stable door. His spaniel had been watching for his return, and ran out, barking joyously, and leaping upon him. He was irritated at being thus disturbed in his calculating reverie; and struck the faithful brute with his heavy whip, driving it yelping away. "Go, stupid cur, you plague me with your fondness," cried he, as he struck at the dog again. Alas for the fair girl who filled this bad man's thoughts, and who thought but of him that night! down in his cold heart she may not find one solitary gem of tenderness or love to light her with its ray to hope and happiness.

Henry Meynell's visits to the Warings became very frequent, and at length daily occurrences. These simple-minded people, who had lived so long secluded from the world, had little opportunity of hearing the unfavourable rumours of their guest's character, which were pretty generally abroad; and if now and then a

suspicion was suggested to the elder lady, the tact and plausibility with which it was discovered and removed, rather tended to strengthen than weaken his position in her esteem. As for Kate, the advice and cautions of meddling friends of course only fixed her more firmly in her preference.

About six weeks thus passed away. He had played his game coolly and steadily; his attentions were evident, but they were yet so mixed up with respectful regard to Lady Waring and apparent interest in her conversation, that the good lady had been more accustomed to look upon him as the kinsman and friend of the family than as the suitor of her child. So gradual had been his advances, that one day, when she found her daughter depressed and weeping, and at length guessed that Meynell's temporary absence was the cause, the state of affairs flashed upon her with the suddenness of a surprise. When enlightened, she wondered with reason at her dulness in not having before discovered a matter of such surpassing interest. "Why should I have any

secret from you, mother?" said Kate; "it is true I love him, and dearly, and I am sure he loves me too, though he has never told me so. I wonder why he has not come to-day; he promised to bring me the song he sang to us last night on the broken bridge." Nevertheless, Meynell came not that day; and it was getting late in the evening when Kate's quick ear recognised the sound of his horse's feet on the approach—the sweetest music she could hear.

She was alone in the house when he entered, her mother being in the garden on the favourite rustic seat. After the usual greetings, and some hurried apologies for his late arrival on the ground of business or duty, they walked out together to where Lady Waring sat. Her mind was on them as they drew near; she had thought of them for hours in anxious consultation within herself. She reflected on the lonely condition of her child in case of her death; the apparent attachment of the young people to each other; the amiable manners and brilliant accomplishments of her

kinsman ; and her own affluence, which would enable her to make amends for the want of fortune on his part. When she looked on the manly and graceful soldier bending to her daughter's ear, and saw the pale cheek of the fair girl become red, and the face, lately sad and tearful, now beaming with happiness and content, she thought she had found a fitting protector for her child, and that to him it should be given "to love her, comfort her, honour and keep her, in sickness and in health."

The mother held out a hand to each as they joined her, and welcomed Henry Meynell with peculiar kindness of manner ; then, as they strolled down the terrace to the brook side, followed them with loving eyes, suffused and dim with tears of pleasure.

I would fain dwell upon this happy meeting and lengthen it to the utmost. Why do the shadows fall so quickly ? Why does dark night chase away this gentle twilight, and the murmur of the brook grow loud and hoarse, as all other sounds are sinking into

silence? The winged hours have flown rapidly away; the fair girl still wanders by the water's edge, or leans over the parapet of the broken bridge. Through the stillness of the evening air a voice has fallen softly on her ear that fills her heart with happiness. Joy! joy! his love is spoken; his manly troth is plighted. And she, too, in a few broken words of maiden modesty but deep affection, has pledged away her faith, wealth, youth, and beauty. Then the fond mother comes to seek her child; she needs no tongue to tell her what has passed, for that fair young face is radiant with happiness, bright and pure as a star in heaven; and Henry Meynell's glance is full of fond and silent admiration. She bestows an approving blessing. But while the group stands, as it would seem, lost to all consciousness of the world beyond, the night has fallen dark and sombre, and louder and hoarser than before is heard the murmur of the brook in the silence of all other sounds.

Meynell had been detained in the morning by a most disagreeable visit from one of his

discounting acquaintances. A large bill had become due that day, and the man to whom it was owed insisted on immediate settlement, under the threat of an arrest for the amount. Of course there were no funds forthcoming, and credit was quite exhausted. Something was necessary to be done; the scandal of being seized would probably damage his hopes of success with Kate Waring; and he felt that if he could only stave off this difficulty for a week or a little more till the affair was concluded and her property in his power, that all might yet be well. When other persuasions, entreaties, and promises, had failed to move his obdurate creditor, he at length confided the hopes which he entertained of being very soon able, by a judicious marriage, to meet his engagements; and gave a full account of the progress which, he flattered himself, he had made in the lady's good graces. The only terms, however, that he could obtain were, that he should have two hours more allowed him to be introduced to a Jewish gentleman, who might perhaps advance him

the money required at a remunerative rate of interest. There was nothing for him but to accept this offer, and the Jewish gentleman was shown into his room.

The money-lender was a slight, tall man, with black hair, cut very short, and face close shaven. As Meynell was introduced, he thought he had a confused recollection of having met the man before, but a second glance persuaded him that the face was strange. Exorbitant terms were required and acceded to for the loan of the required sum for a fortnight, but that signified little; he had no doubt of success, and then a few hundreds, more or less, would be of little consequence. He was, to say the truth, agreeably surprised at the loan being given at any price under his apparently desperate circumstances, when the only security was the chance of a mercenary marriage. The usurer seemed, indeed, quite in a hurry to write the check and receive the bond for the debt. As he wrote, Meynell leant over him and observed that he moved his pen with some difficulty and stiffness; on

the back of his right hand were two small, but deep scars close together.

Never was bridegroom more eager to hasten the hour of his happiness. The tedious arrangement of the necessary legal affairs was hurried on by every means in his power; a fortnight was but little law, and he now knew well that he must fall into the hands of one that would not spare him; for though he did not appear to have recognised the detected and punished cheat of his first night's mess party in the money-lender, nor did the other show any knowledge of him, he could not but suspect that there was something more than an accident in his being thus put into the power of a man he had so dangerously provoked. Lady Waring and Kate only attributed his pressing haste to the ardour of affection, and with undoubting confidence received his plausible explanations. The tenth day after that eventful evening was fixed for the marriage—but the hour of woe was nearer still; the storm was about to burst over the widow and her child.

One morning, as Meynell was preparing to ride out to his daily visit, a brother-officer entered the room with a newspaper in his hand, and the eager air of a man who has news of interest to communicate. “These bankers, from the name, are probably some relations of your friends,” said he; “it seems a tremendous smash; a shilling in the pound, or something of that sort, is talked of.”

Meynell’s thin lips closed like a vice for one moment, but the next he asked to see the paragraph spoken of, in a tone of apparent indifference. He read it coolly, laid the paper aside, and changed the conversation. When he was again alone, his face grew dark as night, and that demon expression swept over it like a tempest, as, with an awful curse, he struck his clenched hand on the table. He remained motionless for many minutes, holding counsel in his ruthless, selfish mind. Not a thought of others’ woe suggested itself—not one doubt or hesitation held him back from trampling on a trusting and devoted heart. “But it may still not be true!” The hope,

faint as it was, aroused him to exertion. He rang the bell, and with his usual calmness of manner and voice, said that he should not want his horse that day, but that he might probably have to go away for a short time, and gave directions to have everything ready for his departure in an hour. He then walked out into the town, made some inquiries, which resulted in confirming the disastrous intelligence, wrote a cold and hurried note to Lady Waring, in which "circumstances over which I have no control" held a principal place, and a "necessary absence" was announced. Before the message was despatched, he was on his route for the Continent.

The news of her ruin had also reached poor Lady Waring that morning; she was for a time stupified by the suddenness and severity of the blow, and, pale and speechless, still held up the letter before her eyes. Kate, alarmed at her mother's silence, hastened to her side, and a glance over the fatal paper told the cause. She put her soft, white arm round the widow's neck, and looked into her face with a

smile of love and hopeful courage that even in the first moment of misfortune, made the burthen light.

“ I wish Henry were come, mother,” said she. “ He will cheer you. All shall still be well. We shall be just as happy in poverty as we were in wealth, and he will be kinder than ever. How I hope he may not hear of this till we tell him ! He would be so pained for our sakes ; but when he sees we bear it bravely he will rejoice.”

Alas, poor child ! while you were speaking these words of trusting consolation, he on whom you placed your fond faith, with cool head and icy heart, was tracing the lines that were to tell of his base desertion.

It was long ere Kate could receive the dreadful conviction of the truth. There was the note. Could she mistake the handwriting ? The bearer, too, had said that Meynell was gone ; and the distant, chilling tone—and no mention made of his return—and the news of her sudden poverty ! None but a woman that loved with a trusting and devoted heart could

doubt what all this meant. Days, weeks, months passed away, till time wore out hope, for he never came. As some fainting wretch in a famine visits his scanty store in trembling secrecy, bit by bit consumes it to the last, and then despairs, so she lived on till her faith grew less and less, and she hid its last remnant in her heart, lest it should be torn from her ; but it wasted fast away, and not a shred was left.

In the meantime Lady Waring had sold her place, discharged her servants, except those who were indispensable, and made arrangements to reside in a small house in the neighbouring town, where her pension and the remnant of her fortune might enable her to live in comfort and respectability. But, in the first instance, she went to live for a time with some relations near their former residence, while the necessary preparations were being made for the change. Kate's state of mind and health were constant and increasing anxieties to the poor mother, almost to the exclusion of the recollection of her other misfortunes.

Henry Meynell was never mentioned, but his handiwork was plainly seen. Kate had rapidly grown old; the look of radiant happiness and trustingness was gone. Her spirits were not altogether depressed, but rather subject to painful variations; and at times the hectic excitement of her manner was even more distressing than her fits of despondency.

Her kind friends tried to engage her in any amusements and occupations that were attainable, and prevailed upon her to enter into the society and gaiety of the town, where she was no sooner known than she became a universal favourite. Lady Waring was conscious that Kate submitted to these instances only to please her, and induce her to believe that she was recovering her tranquillity of mind. But the mother felt that the effort, however painful, might be useful, and in the end attain to realise what was then but an appearance; so she always accompanied her daughter, and did her utmost to maintain a cheerful countenance. This painful struggle and simulation continued with more or less of success till the end of

August, when a newspaper announcement informed them that Henry Meynell had been married a fortnight before at Rome to his cousin Miss Susan Meynell, a lady some years older than himself, who had always lived with his uncle as the prime favourite, and had accompanied him to the Continent that year, on a journey undertaken for his health. Henry had joined them not long before, in a state of great poverty, but by the influence of an old preference which the lady entertained for him, he had been reconciled to his uncle, who made a comfortable settlement upon his favourite and the professedly reformed prodigal. The news of his conduct to the Warings had not reached the old man at that time.

Lady Waring was astonished, indeed alarmed at the calmness with which Kate appeared to receive the news of the consummation of Henry Meynell's treacherous desertion. For an hour or two she seemed depressed and absent, but afterwards set about the usual pursuits of the day without any apparent change of manner. They were to be present at a large ball that

night ; and Lady Waring could not but wonder when she saw her daughter busied in arranging some simple ornaments for the dress she was to wear, and preparing for the evening gaieties as if nothing had occurred to disturb the current of her thoughts. At the ball she entered into the spirit of the dance with apparently more than usual zest : some among the many who sought her, almost fancied they were gaining ground in her good graces, and that this unwonted gaiety was the result of her being pleased with them. Her mother watched her with alarm and surprise ; her cheek was flushed, her eye bright, her smile beaming on all around her. Was this real or unreal ? Could one so fair and good be without heart, and indifferent to the unworthiness of him to whom she had given her troth ?

The weary ball is at last ended,—they reach home,—she bids her mother good-night ; as they separate, her cheek flushes furiously, and her eye is brighter than ever, but she speaks quite calmly—so calmly, indeed, that her mother is almost reassured, and overcome with fatigue

lies down to rest and sleeps. Kate occupies the adjoining room.

At about six o'clock in the morning, Lady Waring awoke from a troubled and unrefreshing sleep. She fancied she heard light footsteps in her daughter's chamber; they seemed regular and measured, as of some one pacing slowly. She tried to collect her scattered thoughts, and separate her confused dreams from her waking perceptions. The gray light of morning already crept in through the crevices of the closed windows, and threw a cold uncertain light on the familiar objects around, only rendering them strange and indistinguishable. While yet she lay uncertain, the footsteps left the next room and approached hers, with the same light but measured sound. Her door opened and Kate entered, still in her ball-dress, with her long black ringlets forced back off her forehead. She drew the curtains aside gently and leant over the bed, then pressed her little white hands over her temples, and muttering some indistinct words, gazed upon her mother.

Were the widow's life to be lengthened out into eternity itself, she never might forget that look of her lost child. As a flash of the destroying lightning, it blasted her heart's hope, and turned it to ashes. She sprang up and clasped her arms round her daughter: "Mercy, mercy, Kate!" she cried, "speak to me once more. Are you ill? Do you suffer?"

Oh! the sad, sad voice! Each word the poor girl spoke in answer, froze her hearer's blood, as though that gentle breath had been the ice-blast of the pole. "I do not know, mother," she replied, "but I have such a pain here." She pressed her hands slowly over her brow, and with her white taper fingers put back the loosened hair. Then in hurried accents whispered,—“Do not tell him—do not let them take me away—but God help me, mother!” She added wildly: “I think I am MAD!” and it was true. She sank beneath her first and only sorrow. In the effort to bear up against it, her mind gave way; and she who might have diffused happiness on all around

her, as a fountain sends forth its waters, is to smile no more.

She was attacked that morning by a violent fever which lasted many weeks. At length she gradually seemed to amend, but remained quite unconscious of her mother's unceasing care. The bright red spot that burned upon her pale cheek, and the sharp hard cough that every now and then shook her wasted frame, forbade awakening hope. "When she is able to move," said her medical attendant, "the climate of Malta may be beneficial, but it is my sad duty to say that there is no prospect of her mind being re-established." "Save her for me," said the wretched mother, "even should I never hear her bless me again. Darkened though she may be, she is still the lesser light that rules my night."

After some time they went to Malta, and for nearly two years, Lady Waring watched the alternations of her daughter's health with fond and unceasing care. Almost a hope sometimes arose, but there soon again came a relapse, and month by month she was plainly sinking, but

very, very slowly; the decay was so gradual, that her evidently approaching ~~and~~^{and} came on her wretched mother suddenly at last. She had been for some time unable to leave her bed, or indeed even to move, and her breathing became painful and difficult.

It was on a January morning that the doctor felt it necessary to tell Lady Waring that the end of her hopes and fears was at hand, for the patient could not last beyond that day. So she sat down by the bedside in calm despair to watch the expiring lamp. About seven in the evening, a sudden change seemed to come over the dying girl,—an animation of countenance, and a look of re-awaking intelligence. She motioned feebly with her hand that her bed might be moved close to the window, and when there, looked out anxiously upon the strange sea and sky. She appeared to be making some mental effort, and after a little while, turned her eyes towards the watcher, and murmured one blessed word of recognition,—
“Mother.”

Her setting sun, long hid by heavy mists, ere

it sank below the horizon, threw one level ray of pure unclouded light back over the troubled sea of life. At the approach of death—out of the chaos of her mind—the memories of the past rose up, and stood in a broad picture before her sight; and from the ruins of her broken heart its first and holiest affection ascended like an incense. “God will love you, as you have loved me, mother;” she said. “Forgive him—I pray for him—God will forgive him, and watch over you—good-bye—kiss me, mother.” As she lay wan, wasted, feeble, her voice was so faint and low that it almost seemed to come from beyond the portals of the grave itself, to pardon and to bless.

The widow bent over the death-bed, and—oh, how tenderly!—pressed the cold lips of her lost darling. At that loved touch, the failing tide of life flowed back for a moment and flushed the pale cheek with joy unspeakable—then ebbed away for ever.

Now that we have left poor Kate where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,” we must follow the dark

course of him for whom she died. His marriage had but a short time taken place, when he resumed his former habits, and totally neglected his wife. She at first tried to win him back by increased tenderness, but he spurned it; then by tears and entreaties, but he derided them. As a last effort, she tried to pique him by coldness—this pleased him best, for it relieved him from her presence. He made no attempt to conceal his dislike and contempt for his unhappy helpmate, or to throw a veil over his irregularities and dissipation. He had been much disappointed in the discovery that he could not obtain possession of any of the capital of his wife's fortune; and the sale of his commission, which was soon arranged, proved far from sufficient to meet the liabilities awaiting him on his return to England. This knowledge of the nature of the settlement was the ostensible ground of a quarrel with his wife, which ended in her returning to her uncle's house, and his establishing himself at a fashionable hotel in London, soon after their return from the Continent.

He had not been many days in England, before the implacable creditor who held the largest bond against him found him out, and arrested him for the amount, while riding in the Park, with all the insulting vexation that the greatest publicity could create. That he could raise the sum required for his release, appeared very unlikely indeed, under the present circumstances, to be accomplished. When within the precincts of the gaol, Henry Meynell did not hesitate to write imploringly to the wife he had outraged and the uncle he had so often deceived, praying that they would pity his fallen condition, and release him from the grasp of the law. He was not sparing in words of humiliation and penitence, and promises of future good conduct. These arts had been so often tried before, that they might well have lost their effect on those to whom they were addressed ; but his poor wife, who was still fondly attached to him, in spite of his unpardonable misconduct, could not bear the idea of his wasting in a gaol, and used her utmost efforts to get together whatever means she was

possessed of, and to persuade her uncle to assist him once more.

After some months' delay the necessary sum was procured, and to the chagrin and surprise of his creditor, Henry Meynell was once more at liberty. He visited his wife for a short time, but very soon left her again ; she had deprived herself of the means of giving him any future assistance by her sacrifices on this occasion. He, having no further object to gain, determined to be burthened with her no more.

From this time he appears to have been utterly lost ; but little is known of his proceedings for the next year and a half. He was seen occasionally haunting the billiard tables and gambling-houses in London and Paris, where his polished manners and prepossessing appearance gave him many advantages, in carrying on his designs against those inexperienced victims who were unfortunate enough to attract his notice. But he was evidently liable to great reverses of fortune at this time, for he was met by a former brother-officer on one occasion at Boulogne, so much reduced that he was fain to

make himself known, and pray for a small sum to take him over to London. Finally, in the summer of 1836, he was concerned in some swindling transaction which, on its discovery, brought him within the grasp of the law. He had, however, so extensive an acquaintance and influence among such as himself, who were in no small number in London at that time, that for a while he managed, with their assistance, to elude the police, and in a well-contrived disguise as an old man, still ventured to frequent houses of play.

One night he recognised among the crowd, at a table in Leicester Square, the well-known face of the detected cheat. He watched narrowly to observe whether or not he was recognised. He feared to leave the room suddenly lest it might excite a suspicion, but was reassured when he saw that the pale man seemed so much absorbed in his game, as not to notice the other faces round the board.

When, after a time, the object of his anxiety rose much excited and left the room, having lost all the money he appeared to possess, he

felt convinced that the danger had passed, and breathed freely again.

It was early morning before he sallied out from the polluted atmosphere where he had passed the night. He was proceeding slowly along towards home, when, from out a narrow court, as he passed, a policeman pounced upon him, and grasped him by the collar, while the inveterate enemy from whom he thought he had escaped without recognition, seized him at the same time. Henry Meynell saw at a glance that there was no hope but in escape, so with all the exertion of his powerful strength, he shook off his assailants. The foreigner fell heavily to the ground, but the policeman tried to close again, till a blow from Meynell struck him violently to the earth. Before they recovered themselves, the object of their attack was beyond the reach of capture.

Meynell did not venture to go again to his lodgings: he changed his dress at the house of an acquaintance, and, warned by his narrow escape, determined at once to leave England. He wandered along by the wharfs, making

inquiries about any vessels that were to sail immediately, little caring what their destination might be. It so happened that he heard of one at hand that was to sail for Canada that day. He was at once resolved. A favourable night's play had put him in possession of sufficient funds. He purchased a few necessary articles for the voyage, and before evening fell, was sailing down the river—an exile—an outcast from the land of his birth, which he was never to see again.

During the voyage, his great powers of conviviality made him a special favourite of the captain of the vessel ; of course, he bore an assumed name, and professed to be merely going out with the intention of becoming a settler, if he liked the promise of the country. He also made up a plausible story, of having been disappointed in his passage by another ship, and forced at the last moment to hurry on board this one. With the captain, however, he held a greater confidence ; and although no particulars were entered into, it transpired during their carouses that he and the law were at variance.

The voyage passed without any event worth recording, and early on a bright September morning they awoke under the shade of the bold headland of Quebec. Meynell's critical taste was gratified by the mingled grandeur and softness of the scene ; he was in no hurry to go ashore, friendless and objectless as he was, so he leant his head upon his hand, and gazed out quietly over the side of the vessel, enjoying the view so far as his diseased mind was capable of receiving gratification from a harmless pleasure. He took little notice of the boats that came to, and left the ship, nor did he ask the news of any one. What cared he for news ? He saw old friends or long separated relatives meet on the deck with warm and happy recognition. But there was none to welcome him. It would be hard to say what thoughts then crossed the dark stage of his mind ; some long hidden spring of feeling may have been touched by what was passing round that lost and lonely man ; by little and little his head sank lower and lower, till his face was buried in his hands, and so he stood.

He had remained for a long time silent and motionless, when he was suddenly aroused by a hand being placed upon his shoulder. He turned round with surprise, and found the captain of the ship by his side, who said to him hurriedly. "The sooner you are out of this the better, friend. A chap has been looking after you already, and I am sure he will be back again." The post had arrived long before them, and Meynell's implacable enemy had contrived to find out his destination, and to prepare the authorities for his arrival by a description of his person, that they might arrest him at once. In this difficulty his friend the captain proved a ready counsellor. There chanced to be a schooner alongside freighted with stores for the Indians of the Saguenay, that was to sail almost immediately; the captain knew the skipper of this craft, and arranged with him to take Meynell, who was to remain in that remote part of the country till the danger blew over.

In a short time Meynell was steering down the river again, on his way to the lonely Sague-

may, little caring where he went ; indeed, perhaps, he would have chosen this adventure to a remote district, with the novelty of the Indian life, as readily as anything else, even had he not been impelled to it by necessity.

It may not be known to all that the Saguenay is a large river that flows from a lake of considerable size, eastward into the St. Lawrence, which it joins on the north side, a hundred and forty miles below Quebec. It is of great depth, the waters dark and gloomy, and the scenery through which they pass magnificent, but of a desolate and barren character. About seventy miles up this great tributary is an infant settlement called Chicoutimi, a station of the fur-traders. Here the navigation ends, and, beyond, the labour of man has left but slight traces. At the time of Meynell's arrival this district was inhabited, or rather hunted over, by a tribe called by the Canadians, " Montaignais Indians," — a friendly, honest race, expert fishers and hunters, and valuable neighbours to the fur-traders. The schooner was laden with stores of various kinds, to be

exchanged with those people for the produce of the chase.

In three days Meynell reached Chicoutimi. The fur-traders were surprised at the unexpected visitor, but as he proved to be a smart active fellow, and was not without means, they did not object to his presence, and in a short time he made himself very useful. At this period of the year, the Montaignais tribe always encamped near the settlement, and bargained for the guns, powder and shot, blankets, and other necessities, for the hunting expeditions of the winter. Meynell soon became a favourite among them ; his facility in learning their language, his strength and activity, and skill with the rifle, gave him a great influence over their simple minds. He particularly attached himself to an old hunter of much consideration, called Ta-ou-renche, who had an orphan niece under his care, Atàwa by name, the acknowledged beauty of the tribe. After a time Meynell adopted altogether the Indian mode of life. His days were passed in the chase, or in wandering with his rod and gun by the shores

of the beautiful and almost unknown lakes of that lone and distant land. He soon became as expert as the Montaignais themselves in their simple craft.

The autumn passed away, and winter closed in with its accustomed severity, locking up all nature in its icy grasp. The fish in the lakes were then only to be attained by laboriously cutting channels in the massive ice, and all the birds and smaller animals had gone into their mysterious exile. It was then time for the tribe to make their usual journey to the distant hunting-grounds of the north-east, where the Moose and Cariboo deer were wont to supply them with abundance for their winter's store. Meynell determined to accompany them, and imitated and improved upon their simple preparations. He obtained from the stores of the fur-dealers warm clothes, blankets, and ammunition for the expedition ; a small supply of pemican or preserved meat, and a little flour, completed the loading of the light sleigh he was to drag after him over the snow ; this tobogan, as the Indians call it, is of a very light structure,

and carries a burthen of fifty or sixty pounds weight, with but little labour to him who draws it along.

The tribe started in the middle of December, crossing the frozen waters of the Saguenay at Chicoutimi, and then journeyed through the forest towards the inland valleys of Labrador. For the first two days, their route lay along the bank of a considerable river, which, on account of its rapid current, in many parts was not frozen over; and they rested at night at places where they had supplies of fish and water. Their encampments were but rudely made, as the stay only lasted for a night, and the severest cold of the winter was not yet come, to demand a more elaborate and perfect shelter. Nearly eighty huge watch-fires threw their glare over the dark woods at night; round each was a family of the Montaignais, the hunters, their wives and children. Meynell, Ta-ou-renche, and Atàwa, formed one of these groups. The Englishman was sadly fatigued and foot-sore after the first day's journey, although it had been but a short one. The

heavy and unaccustomed snow-shoe hurt his feet, though Atàwa's careful hands had tied them on; and the weight of the tobogan wearied him, though both of his companions had given him great aid. They watched him with the tenderest care, and long after he slept soundly on his snowy couch, Atàwa sat with her eyes fixed upon his still beautiful face, lighted up by the red flame of the watch-fire. The next day he got on better, and in a week he was able to take his share in the labour, and walk as stoutly as any of them.

After they left the river's bank, they traversed a dreary table-land of great extent, nearly a hundred and fifty miles across, where there was no brook or lake, and but little wood, and that of a stunted and blasted growth; under the thick covering of the snow was nothing but rock and sand and sterile soil, for all that weary way. In a few places they found masses of ice, which they melted down for water, but there was neither fish nor game. Here they were obliged to consume nearly all their store of provisions, but for that they were

prepared, and cared but little. Beyond this barren land lay the land of plenty, where they and their forefathers, from time immemorial, had feasted on the abundant forest-deer. About the thirteenth evening of their journey, they encamped within sight of this deeply wooded undulating country that they sought, and celebrated their arrival with rude rejoicings.

The next morning they started equipped for the chase, the women following the hunters slowly with their burdens. Ta-ou-renche pushed on among the foremost, Meynell nearly by his side, while their dogs, half-starved and ravenous, dashed on in front. They had advanced for an hour or two without meeting a quarry, to their great surprise, when they heard the dogs giving tongue far a-head in a deep woody valley. Ta-ou-renche and Meynell pushed on rapidly, full of hope, and excited at the prospect of the chase; they reached the brow of the hill, and descended at a run into the valley, where they found the dogs all collected round the skeleton of a moose-deer, tugging furiously at its huge bones. The snow, around was much beaten

down, and there was the mark of a recent fire against the root of a tree close by. The Indian stopped short, and remained motionless, as if frozen at the sight ; after a little while, other hunters came up, and all seemed equally paralysed with terror. When they found voice, they cried, “ The Great Spirit is angry with his children ; other hunters have slain the moose and cariboo, and are many suns before us ; for us there will be none left, and we must die.”

They pushed on further till the evening, and passed other skeletons of moose and cariboo deer, picked clean by the carrion-birds. They saw the marks of many fires, and the remains of a large encampment, deserted perhaps three weeks before. Some of the older hunters said that from the prints of the snow-shoes, they knew the Mic-Mac Indians of New Brunswick were those who had swept the hunting grounds before them, and that they were many in number. That night they held counsel together as to what they should do ; some were for returning at once, to throw themselves on the

charity of the fur-traders ; but then arose the appalling thought of the barren land they had passed through. Others were for pushing on after the Mic-Macs to pray for a share of their spoil—but how could they reach them ? Some had consumed all their provisions, the others had but enough left for one, or at most two days. To remain where they were was death, and, on every side, starvation stared them in the face. At last, they agreed to separate, and that each family should take its chance alone. Ta-ou-renche determined at once to push for Chicoutimi, and Atàwa and Meynell followed his fortunes.

The next morning they started on their return, and made a long day's march back into the barren land. Poor Atàwa was very weary, and could give but little assistance in making the fire, and their rude shelter for the night, and her uncle seemed oppressed and dejected ; but Meynell's vigorous health and bold spirit stood him in good stead. He divided the scanty store of provisions that was left into three parts, the travellers being each to carry

their own share ; he ate very sparingly. Ta-ou-renche was not so discreet, but consumed nearly all his portion at once, and the next morning finished what was left. The weary journey continued—the cold became intense,—the north wind swept over that awful solitude with a terrible severity ; but still the wanderers, in pain and weariness, pushed bravely on to the southwest. Could they but reach the river's bank, they might find fish and fresh water and still live.

On the seventh night they halted in a small grove of stunted trees, after a long day's travel, worn out with fatigue and hunger. The Indian had not, for the last five days, had a morsel of food, and was terribly emaciated ; the others had fasted three days, and were almost as much reduced and enfeebled. They had scarcely sufficient strength among them to cut down wood for their fire, and collect and melt the ice to slake their thirst ; when they had heaped up a small bank of snow, as shelter against the wind, they lay down almost helpless. A few carrion moose-birds which had followed them for the

last day, but always out of reach of the guns, chattered among the trees. These ill-omened visitors came closer and closer, as they saw the group lying motionless, and chattered and hopped from branch to branch over head, impatient for their prey. Meynell, making the exertion with difficulty, cautiously seized his gun; but as he moved, the carrion birds flew up into the air, and circled screaming above him; when he became still, then again they approached.

At last, by skilfully watching his opportunity, he brought one of them down with a lucky shot, and pounced on it greedily. The carrion and scanty spoil was soon divided into three portions, and their share ravenously devoured by the two men. After a little time they became deadly sick, the fire spun round and round before their eyes, but at length Meynell fell back in a heavy and almost death-like sleep. Atàwa had just strength enough left to fold the blanket close round the sleeper, and cast a little more wood on the fire, when she too sank down exhausted.

The Indian had till now borne the pangs of hunger with courage and patience, but the morsel of food—the taste of blood, seemed to work like intoxication upon him. As his sickness passed away, his eyes glowed in their deep sockets with a fierce and unnatural brightness. His cheeks were withered up, and his black parched lips drawn back exposed his teeth in a horrible grin. Possessed with a momentary strength, he raised himself on his hands and knees, and, grasping an axe, moved stealthily towards the sleeper, madly thirsting for his blood. Atàwa saw him coming, and guessed his terrible intent; she shook Meynell faintly, and called to him to awake. He slowly opened his eyes, and thought it but a horrid dream, when he saw the wild glaring eyes of the savage fixed upon him, and the gaunt arm upraised to strike, while Atàwa feebly tried to hold it back. The blow descended the next moment, but the generous girl, unable to restrain the maniac's force, threw herself in the way, and fell stricken senseless on the snow. Her efforts had happily turned the edge of the

axe, and she was only stunned, not wounded. Meynell seized the Indian by the throat; they struggled to their feet, and grappled closely together: the madman's furious excitement lent him force for a time to meet the greatly superior strength of his opponent, but he failed rapidly, his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed; Meynell, mustering all his remaining energies, threw him back with violence, and then, utterly exhausted in the struggle, fell himself also fainting to the ground.

When he began to recover, the dim morning light was reflected from the snowy waste, the fire was nearly burnt down, and the intensity of the cold had probably awakened him. Atawa still lay motionless; he tried anxiously to arouse her, and at the same time to collect his scattered thoughts, after the dreadful dream of the night before. She slowly recovered, and opened her eyes to the sight of horror that presented itself to their returning consciousness. Ta-ou-renche lay dead, and half consumed in the fire: he had fallen stunned across the burning logs, and perished miserably.

Then a sudden terror seized the survivors, and lent them renewed strength ; they scarcely cast a second look on the charred corpse, but rose up and fled away together, leaving everything behind. For hours they hurried on, and exchanged never a word, Atàwa often casting a terrified look behind, as though she thought she were pursued. About mid-day, their failing limbs refused to carry them any farther, and they lay down on the trunk of a fallen pine. The winter sun stood high up in the cloudless heaven, pouring down its dazzling but chilly light upon the frozen earth. To the dark line of the distant horizon, far as the eye could reach lay the snowy desert. There was not a breath of wind, no rustling leaves or murmuring waters, not a living thing beside themselves breathed in that awful solitude ; not a sound awakened the echoes in its deathlike silence. Meynell's heart sank within him ; the brief energy lent him by the terror of the dreadful scene he had left, yielded now to the reaction of despair. Their throats were parched with thirst ; the gnawing pangs of hunger

racked their wasted frames; they scarcely dared to look upon each other, so fiercely burned the fire in their sunken eyes. He had ceased to hope; with his feeble limbs stretched out, and his head rested on a branch, he waited helplessly for death.

The Indian girl dragged herself slowly to his side, put a small phial to his parched lips, and poured a few drops of brandy down his throat. He immediately revived, and the failing pulse resumed its play. "You shall still live," she said; "a few hours' journey more, and we shall reach the river; by this time the white man will be felling the pine-trees on its banks. I have kept this fire-water hidden till there was no other hope, and now it must save me too, that I may guide you." She tasted the invigorating cordial sparingly, and now, animated with new strength, they set out bravely once again. Slowly and painfully they press forward, often falling through exhaustion, but the strong hope and the stronger will urges them still on. The character of the country begins to change, the

trees become thicker and of a larger growth, the ground varied with rise and hollow ; and at length, to their great joy, a well-known hill appears in sight, beyond which they know the wished-for river runs. They drain the last drop from the phial, and, again refreshed, press on,—on, through the thick woods and falling shades of night.

Then the moon arose in unclouded splendour ; her silver rays, piercing through the tall pine-trees, lighted them on their way, and in a little time showed them a column of smoke rising into the still air from the far side of the hill beyond the river. Hope was then almost certainty : they reached the high bank over the stream, but stumbling and falling at nearly every step. In the vale beyond, they saw two or three wood-cutters' huts, lighted up by blazing watch-fires.

Meynell rushed impatiently on, his eyes fixed upon the hope-inspiring lights. " Hold ! hold !" cried Atàwa, vainly trying to restrain him, " one step more, and you are lost !" But she spoke too late : ere the echoes of

her cry had ceased, Meynell's soul had gone to its last account. He had approached too near the edge of the precipice: the snow gave way beneath his feet; a moment more, and he lay a bleeding corpse upon the ice-bound rocks below. Atàwa's despairing shrieks brought out the inmates of the huts. They were obliged to use force, to separate her from the lifeless body; she rent her hair, and tried to lay violent hands upon herself, long refusing all sustenance. From her incoherent words, they at length gathered something of her story, and the probable fate of the rest of her tribe. Some of the woodmen immediately started in hopes of rendering assistance to the unhappy Montaignais; they found six of the families on their way, in the last stage of starvation, and saved them, but all the rest of the tribe perished in that barren land.

The following night the woodmen dug a hole, and laid the mangled corpse to rest. It was so light and emaciated, that a child might have borne it thither. They then

heaped some snow over it, and, threading their way by torchlight through the trees back to their huts, left it without a blessing. So there he sleeps—unwept, save by the poor Indian girl! his fate for years unknown to those who had wondered at his gifts and beauty. His bones lie whitening in that distant land, no friendly stone or sod to shelter them from the summer sun and wintry frost.

It may be that even for Henry Meynell there is yet a hope. In those last dark days of toil and suffering, when life and death were in the balance, He, whose love is infinite, may have made that terrible punishment the furnace wherein to melt the iron heart, and mould it to His ends of mercy.

EVENING THE THIRD.

THE ship's surgeon was a favourite with us all; he was a pale sickly little man, of some five or six-and-thirty years of age, with lank yellow hair, and very little of it, even such as it was. He was so quiet and unassuming, that he rarely joined in the conversation, but he listened with great attention, even to the dullest among the narrators, and whenever any thing pathetic was brought forward, a misty twinkling was sure to be visible in the tender-hearted little doctor's small green eyes. The qualities of his head were unfortunately not equal to those of his heart; every effort he had made to establish himself in a practice had failed; in these attempts he had consumed the pittance of his inheritance, and he was now obliged to

obtain a living in the not very lucrative or agreeable situation of surgeon to a sailing packet. As he seldom spoke on any subject, and scarcely ever of himself, it was some time before we discovered, that, in the pursuit of professional advancement, he had for a short period given his services to the unfortunate British Legion, during the late civil war in Spain. With great difficulty we persuaded the modest little man to give us the benefit of some of his recollections, while an actor in those scenes of stirring and melancholy interest. He commenced timidly, but warmed with his theme as it continued, and although somewhat discursive and unconnected in his narrative, he did not fail to interest his hearers. Thus he spoke.

THE SURGEON.

My father had been a medical officer in the East India Company's service, but died while I was still very young. My mother was left with me and two sisters, many years older

than myself, to provide for, out of her widow's pension, and a small sum of money her husband had saved during his stay in India. We took up our abode in an humble but neat house, not far from London, and as soon as I was of sufficient age, I was set to work to prepare, as inexpensively as possible, myself for my late father's branch of the service.

My progress was not very rapid, although I was by no means an idle boy; indeed, on the contrary, I did my very utmost to get on, as the best way to reward my poor mother for the strict economy that enabled me to be kept at school. On account of my steady ways, the other boys often teased me, and laughed at me a good deal, but being convinced that I was doing what was right, I bore it as I best could.

However, on one occasion I did give way to anger; on returning to school after the holidays, I was about to unpack my little trunk, and arrange its contents, in the chest of drawers, when one of the boys who used to annoy me most came into the room. He

saw that my clothes were not very new, though they were as well brushed and as tidily packed as if they had been better; and my linen was, perhaps, a little coarse, but then my mother had mended it all very neatly, and had it washed as white as snow before I left home. He teased me about having such "poor things," as he called them, and threw some dirty water upon them. This made me very angry, but when he laughed at the careful way my mother had packed them, my passion got the better of me, and I tried to put him out of the room. I was but a weak boy, however, and he was a strong one, so he beat me till I was not able to stir, and then threw all my neat clothes out over the floor and stamped upon them. This made a great impression on me at the time; I do not think I shall ever altogether forget it, but I am very proud to feel that I soon forgave it, and the day came some years after when I had the power to do this boy a great kindness; I gladly did what I could for him, but he proved himself altogether ungrateful for it.

In due time I left school, and entered upon the study of medicine; it was necessary for me to work hard for my final examination, not being, as I before said, naturally very quick in learning. When the time came I was so frightened and anxious, that I could scarcely answer a word, and although, perhaps, better prepared than some of those who passed, I was turned back. My poor mother was much grieved at this, but tried to cheer me on to better success next time. I was also greatly discouraged; nevertheless I sat down patiently to begin my studies over again, and at last succeeded in getting my certificates.

My next step was to place over our door a board, bearing my name in gilt letters, with "Surgeon" under it, and a hand with a finger pointing round the corner to the little side door where the patients were to enter. I also put an advertisement in a newspaper, and told those among the neighbours with whom we were acquainted that I had now started in business. Being of a hopeful disposition, I expected that every day some lucky chance

would occur to bring me at once into great practice ; as I had often read and heard of this having happened with other people. But a long time passed away, and no sudden occasion arrived where my help was called for ; except, indeed, one frosty morning when a poor old man slipped on the pavement close by our house, and broke his arm. Seeing “ Surgeon ” over my door, some people carried the sufferer there, and as I was in waiting, left him in my charge. I took great pains with this my first case, but was very nervous about it, feeling sure that all eyes were upon me ; besides, the poor old man told me that, if the use of his arm were not soon restored to him, he should be driven to go to the workhouse. He could not move that day, so I made up a sort of bed for him in the surgery ; the following evening his son came for him, and took him away. I had no money to give him, but seeing that his shoes were very bad, I let him have a pair of mine, that were not quite worn out ; he then went his way, after having thanked me heartily. I pitied the poor

old man very much, and would have been glad to have heard that he had done well; besides, there was my professional vanity interested in the business; it so happened, however, that I never heard anything more of my patient.

At last, I began to fear that my gilt sign-board, advertisement and all, had fairly failed; no one called for me. I was very unhappy to be such a burthen to my mother, instead of helping her on, as I had hoped to do; but she never complained of this; she knew I would willingly work if I had the opportunity, and—as she said, “I could not make the people break their arms.”

While thinking over my affairs, one January morning, at the door of the surgery, a young man passed by, whose face appeared familiar: he first looked at me, then at the sign-board and at once claimed acquaintance as an old school-fellow. I invited him in, and we sat down together; he asked me if I was getting on well, and had many patients. I told him no, but did not omit to say that some months

before I had set an old man's arm with great skill. As we talked on, however, it came out that, in spite of my old man's arm, I was in very low estate, and willing to undertake any honest labour, to get my bread, and help my mother. After a little thought, he asked me if I should like to be a military surgeon. I supposed he was bantering me as they used to do at school, for I had no great friends to get me such promotion ; but he seemed serious, and said, " I think I can get you a commission as surgeon in the army, that is, in General Evans' army in Spain." I had not heard or read of that general at the time, for I never saw newspapers, except the old one, in which my advertisement was printed. I was, however, rejoiced to hear of this opening, and when my old school-fellow left me, promising to let me know in a day or two as to what he could do for me, I went straight to my mother to tell her of my good fortune. She, good soul ! did nothing but cry all the evening, and try to dissuade me from going ; but I had made up my mind, come what might, to be

a burthen upon her no longer. I did not tell her this as a reason, for it would have had no weight with her; but I dwelt very much upon the great advantage it would certainly be to me, and how getting such an appointment would be the high road to my fortune. In short, if she was not convinced, she at least saw there was no use in opposing me, so she reluctantly consented. In a short time my friend came to inform me that I had been appointed a supernumerary assistant-surgeon upon the staff of the British Legion, then at San Sebastian; that a steamer was to sail from Greenwich in a few days, to carry out stores, and some recruits to the army, and that I was to take medical charge of the latter. My friend was also to go in the same vessel. I was very busy till I sailed in selling whatever I could part with, getting my outfit, and above all, in trying to comfort my mother and sisters. I provided myself with a Spanish grammar, that while on the voyage I might lose no time in learning the language of the country to which I was going. At length the

day of parting came ; I shall say nothing about that ; indeed, I have said a great deal too much of myself already, but I wanted to show how I came to be in Spain. For the future I shall speak more of other people.

The men on board the steamer were a very turbulent and evil disposed set, apparently the dregs of the population ; most of them were Londoners, probably well-known to the police. There was one among them, seemingly a broken down gentleman, the most desperate character I ever met. He struck his officer soon after we started, and vowed he would throw him overboard, for refusing to allow more brandy but for this he was cruelly flogged, and as he was of a tender constitution, he remained under my care all the rest of the voyage.

We arrived at San Sebastian on the forenoon of the sixth day after our departure. The climate had changed rapidly since we left England behind us. On this morning the sun was shining cheerily, and the air genial as in our May. The harbour is a wondrously beautiful sight. Two high rocks rise boldly out of

the sea ; the little bay lies, crescent-shaped, between them, its waters deep blue, the sandy shore a golden yellow. The country beyond, for some distance, is undulating, of a rich verdure, saddened and beautified by ruined convents and villages. Next come the Pyrenees, clothed with dark oak forests nearly to their summits ; their crests huge rocks strangely shaped. Those great mountains are thrown together confusedly ; you might think they were the waves of some stormy sea suddenly turned into stone. Many among them are of a great size ; far as the eye can reach rises peak over peak, bluer and fainter in the distance, the outline more irregular and indistinct, till at last the blue of earth and the blue of heaven are one. The rugged little island of Santa Clara is midway between the rocky points of the crescent-harbour ; it lies to the right hand as we enter the shallow and dangerous waters.

On the headland beyond stands a lighthouse, now turned into a fortress. We could see in the distance little dark figures moving about

this tower like mites on a cheese, and swarming up to the top, probably to look at us. "Those are Carlists," said my friend. How I strained my eyes to see them! Real, living enemies—men pledged to slay us with shot and steel—in fight or in calm vengeance! But we have left our homes and come over the sea to slay them! A few days, and we shall meet once, we who have never met before—some of us not to part again, but to lie down in a long sleep close together, the rest perhaps to cross each other's path no more in this wide world. Away, among those blue mountains, mothers are sadly thinking of their soldier sons, the little moving specks before us, perhaps almost as sadly as mine thinks of me. That sun warms us and our foes alike; and, from far beyond, He who bade men to "love one another," looks down with sorrowing pity on us both. I spoke some of these thoughts to my schoolfellow; they did not please him much; so he told me that I was only a doctor, and knew nothing about glory. * I had then no more to say.

The town of San Sebastian lay on our left

hand, walled and bastioned in with jealous care. A sandy peninsula connects it with the land ; a huge rock, crowned with an embattled citadel, shelters it from the sea. This was the first time I had ever seen a strange country, but I have been much about the world since then, and have not seen so foreign a looking place any where else, or any fairer sight than on that January morning. Three large war-steamers lay as near the quays as the depth of water would allow ; some thousand of Spanish troops were disembarking from them in dozens of boats and barges, each regiment, as it was completed, throwing themselves into a long line upon the beach, while their magnificent bands cheered them, after their weary voyage, with hymns of liberty. Then, in a little time, they marched away to the undulating green hills, to take up their stations among some of the ruined villages within the lines. Thousands of the town's people, in bright gay dresses, welcomed their landing with loud cries of joy ; hundreds of banners waved over the throng, and, from a distant hill, where the red coats of the legion

caught the eye, the English cannon thundered a salute.

My schoolfellow and I were soon ashore ; and, after some little delay, found our billets in two rooms next each other, looking out upon the great square. Then we went forth again to see the town. Oh, such strange sights ! such tall, gloomy Gothic churches, and such gaudy French shops ! such bright eyes and such glossy hair ! Oh, the long black veil, in folds of wondrous grace, and the proud neck, and tiny feet, and stately step ! And sullen men, wrapped in dark heavy cloaks, and gay dragoons, and plumed aides-de-camp, and plaided Highlanders, and sombre riflemen, and nuns and priests, sailors and muleteers, soldiers with crutches, bandaged heads, and pale faces, and hardy peasants with scarlet cap and sash, and Biscayan girls with ruddy cheeks and long fair hair hanging in plaits over their falling shoulders. We could scarce win our way through this vast masquerade—our eyes confused by bright and varied colours, and our ears by martial music, distant firing, rattling of

hoofs and wheels, and the ceaseless clamour of Babel voices. Now a string of fifty mules would trot past us, with their jingling bells and gay caparisons; then a half-naked crowd of drunken legionaries burst through the throng with frantic cries and gestures; again a battalion of Spanish grenadiers, clothed in dark gray coats, with measured step and glittering bayonets, press up the narrow streets.

Soon after nightfall all was still in the town; the loiterers had gone to their homes, the soldiers were recalled to their barracks, the shops and markets were deserted. Few cared to pace the streets when unprotected by the light of day, for the thirst for gold and blood was strong among the fierce men brought here in those evil days; and the turbulent legionaries at times did frightful outrage in their drunken fury. My friend and I dined at a small inn, and about ten o'clock at night bent our steps towards the billets. As we went our way, we suddenly saw a bright flame shoot up from behind a street at some distance, and, urged by curiosity, hastened to the place whence it arose.

We found a large wooden stable on fire. Many noble English horses, belonging to the officers of the Legion, were in the building; some of the soldiers, the grooms and their families, occupied the loft above. The mischief had but just begun; some straw was blazing at the door; on it was lying a drunken soldier with a pipe in his mouth, probably the cause of the fire. Though he must have been somewhat scorched, he seemed to regard the whole matter with stupid indifference. My friend rushed at him and shook him vigorously, calling out, "You are on fire—the city is on fire." The drunken man barely winked his eyes, and tried to go to sleep again, mumbling—"City! city! what do I care for this city or any other city—barrin' the city of Cork." However, we dragged him away, and put out the fire, already consuming his clothes, in a wet gutter, where he went to sleep again more at his ease, as soon as he had ceased abusing us for disturbing him.

Meanwhile crowds of people assembled, uselessly swarming about the burning stables, and

embarrassing those really at work. The blaze spread rapidly, and in a very short time the roof took fire. All the horses, and, as we thought, all the people had been got out of the building, so we stood looking on in indifferente, when a poor Irishwoman, apparently in a transport of despair, rushed through the throng, and cried, "Oh, my child! my poor child!"

"Where—where!" shouted a dozen eager voices.

"Oh, God help me! up in the loft, to be sure. Oh, good gentlemen! save my child!"

It was a fearful risk—the wooden beams were blazing fiercely, smoke and even flame burst out of the upper windows now and then; one end of the building already tottered under the fiery storm, but the woman's shriek sounded louder in my brave friend's ear than the roar of the furious flame. His stout English heart was a ready prompter. In a moment he seized a ladder, placed it against an open window, ran up rapidly, and plunged into the smoke and flame, while a cheer of admiration burst from the crowd below. There was a minute of ter-

rible suspense ; he was seeking the lost child in vain. Again he rushes to the window, half-suffocated with the smoke—"Where was the child?" he cried? "I cannot find it." My heart sank within me as I thought of the mother's despair ; but she seemed less desperate than before, and, running under the window, cried — "Sorra a child I have at all, your honour ; but since you *are* up there, will you just throw me down the bit of a mattress that 's in the corner, for it 's all I have in the world."

My friend sprang out of the window and slipped down the ladder. He was just in time ; the next moment, with a tremendous crash, the main props gave way, and the whole building fell into a heap of blazing ruins. Now I only tell you this long story, to show what quaint, wild creatures were those Irish that General Evans took with him to Spain.

In the room next to mine a young Spanish cadet, belonging to the 2nd light infantry, was billeted. He was about fourteen years of age, the son of a grandee of Spain. As his family

was great and powerful, it was only necessary for him to go through the form of joining the army on service, when a commission in the royal guard would be given him. We soon made acquaintance. He was amused by my odd attempts to speak Spanish, and I was charmed with him. He was a rarely beautiful boy ; his regular features, long curling hair, small hands and feet, would have given him the appearance of effeminacy, but for the vigorous activity of his movements, and his bright bold eye. The best blood of Old Castile flowed in his veins and mantled in his cheek. The little cadet was most dainty in his dress ; his uniform was the smartest, his plume the gayest, his boots the brightest, his gold lace the freshest in his regiment. His cap, epaulettes, and sword were made expressly for him, very small and light, in proportion to his size ; and a beautiful black Andalusian pony to match, completed his equipments.

He rode out with me one day—that is, he rode, and I walked, soon after we became known to each other. Our way lay through

the principal street of the town; the tall, white, solid-looking houses on each side had balconies for every window, some of them filled with gay groups of Spanish ladies, honouring us with their notice as we passed. When we approached a large handsome dwelling, with huge gates opening into a court-yard, the black pony began to show symptoms of excitement, and by the time we got directly opposite, he was dancing about at a great rate. The little animal was evidently accustomed at this place to such hints of the spur and rein as would make him display his paces to the greatest advantage. A tall, noble-looking woman and a graceful girl leant over the railing of the balcony, and kissed their hands to the cadet as he rode up. He answered by taking off his gay cap and making a low bow, while the pony pranced more than ever. "Come, doctor," said the youth to me, "you must know Dolòres and Pepita." He threw his bridle-rein to a boy, and before I could recover from my surprise, had hurried me up stairs, and into the presence of his fair friends.

They were sisters—Dolòres ten years older than Pepita; both much alike, except in the stamp of years, so deep and unsparing in that sunny land. Their hair and eyes were black, glossy, and bright; their complexion deep olive; their teeth of dazzling whiteness; and there was something about the head and neck that made me, in spite of myself, think of swans and empresses. With what stately grace they welcomed us—with what a soft rich accent they spoke, telling us to “live a thousand years!” The little cadet declared that he was “at their feet;” but I suppose this was only a Spanish compliment, for instead of placing himself there, he kissed Pepita’s hand, sat down beside her, and began talking with perfect familiarity. Dolòres said something to me, but I could not understand it; and being dreadfully confused, I went to the balcony and looked up the street. The young girl and the little cadet had a great deal to say to each other; they chattered and laughed merrily; then at times Pepita would try to look grave, and, with a solemn face, lecture the beautiful boy, shaking her fan

threateningly at him, when they would laugh more than ever.

At last I saw them looking at me, and heard him say that I was a doctor. Pepita seemed struck with a sudden thought at this, and rose up, beckoning to him and me to follow. She led us across the court-yard into a long passage; a large heavy door was at the end. She pointed to it, and said something to my companion in a pitying voice; then, instantly resuming her gaiety, pulled off the cadet's cap, threw it at him, and ran off, laughing merrily. At the end of the passage she turned, kissed her little white hand, and we saw no more of her.

"I do love Pepita," said the boy; "I must win a ribbon in the battle, and then she will be so proud of her playfellow."

We opened the door and entered.

Near an open window lay an emaciated man upon a small camp-bed. The fair complexion and blue eye bespoke him an Englishman. His face was covered with a bushy beard; his cheeks were hollow, his features pinched and

sharpened. Pillows supported his head and shoulders; his arms, worn and thin, lay helplessly on the outside of the bed; but the large joints, broad bony hand, and square-built shoulders, showed how powerful had been the frame that now lay wrecked before us. He raised his dull sunken eyes, as if by an effort, as we entered, and when he observed me, something like a smile of recognition passed over his wan face. I knew him at once, though he was strangely altered; he it was, who, when a boy at school, had done me the insulting wrong. The blood rushed red to my face for a moment; but when I thought how pale and faint he was, it went back again, to my heart, I suppose, for my pity yearned towards the poor sufferer.

He told me in a few words, slowly and painfully, that he had been wounded in a skirmish some weeks before, and had afterwards been attacked with typhus fever. His servant had that morning deserted, carrying off the little money he possessed, and everything of value in the room. He was on unfriendly terms with

all his brother officers, had quarrelled with the regimental doctor, and was now utterly destitute and helpless. The Spanish family, in whose house he was billeted, were very kind to him, particularly the two sisters; but they were in great poverty from these troublous times, and had sickness also among themselves.

With some difficulty I got my billet changed to a room adjoining his; my servant was then able to help the sick man: as I had still a little money left, I procured the necessary medicines, and such nourishment as I thought he might safely bear. During the day my duties in the hospital pretty well occupied me, but at night I was always able to sit up for some time with him, and be of a little service. As you may suppose, I did not see the less of my young friend, the cadet, by this change; he had so often to come to ask after the invalid for Pepita's information, that at length he began to take an interest himself, and during the crisis of the complaint, at a time when I was forced to be absent on my duties, he, with Pepita's assistance, took my place as a watcher, and

they actually remained for hours without speaking a word lest they should waken the sick sleeper. However, I have no doubt they made amends for it afterwards. The sisters soon became very kind to me for my gay little friend's sake ; they joined him in teaching me their beautiful language, and though I was very stupid about it, I could not but make good progress under such kind teachers. The younger sister used to laugh at me and tease me very much, but I could not help liking her more and more ; so the time passed rapidly away, and day by day the fair Spanish girl and her boy lover wound themselves closer round my heart, till they became dear to me as if they had been my children.

A tall, sallow, down-looking Spaniard was a frequent visiter at the house of these two sisters : he was a man of considerable wealth, the son of a Cadiz merchant, and at this time captain of the carbineers — the company of *élite*, in the second light infantry. The cadet and I both took a great dislike to this man, which he seemed heartily to return ;

there was a treacherous villanous expression in his averted eye that at once attracted observation, and something inexpressibly repulsive in his manner, servile and overbearing by turns. He appeared to possess some unaccountable influence over Pepita's father, for, though it was evident that his attentions and repeated visits were disagreeable to the young lady, every opportunity was given him of improving her acquaintance. This system was, however, as unsuccessful as it usually is; and the sallow captain's conversation was not the less distasteful from being obediently endured. The fact was, that large pecuniary assistance given to the family, unknown to its younger members, was the secret of the influence now exercised,* through their parents, over their inclinations and tastes. The captain had become acquainted with Pepita, been attracted by her, and had made this obligation the means of forcing himself upon her society. He next tried to cause the prohibition of my little friend's visits; not indeed that he looked upon the boy in the light of a rival, but as a con-

straint upon his actions, and an interruption to his plans. Upon this point, however, Pepita proved unmanageable; and as there could be no fair ostensible objection to her little playfellow's intimacy, it still continued in spite of his sullen enemy.

In the meantime my patient was rapidly recovering; with his returning strength, I grieve to say, the natural evil of his disposition again displayed itself. He borrowed yet another small sum from my scanty store, under the pretence of obtaining some warm clothes to enable him to face the wintry air; but instead of so applying it, he lost most of it at play the first day he was allowed to venture out. The captain of carbineers was the winner, and thus an acquaintance commenced between these men. They were in many respects kindred spirits—rapacious, profligate, and unprincipled,—and soon contracted a close alliance, offensive and defensive: the wealth and cunning of the one, and the recklessness and ferocious courage of the other, made their partnership most dangerous to any who might

cross their path. The convalescent, unrestrained for a moment by any feeling of gratitude towards me or my little favourite, at once joined in a scheme against us. They could not venture upon using open violence, as that probably would have defeated its own object, by exciting the sympathies of our kind hosts in our favour, but they agreed to entrap us into play, and thus drive us into such necessities as might place us completely in their power. The Spaniard knew that his chance of gaining Pepita's favour was but small until her little favourite and guardian was out of the way; and his unworthy associate, as long as money was supplied, was indifferent as to what service might be required of him in return.

In due course of time the day came when the convalescent was pronounced cured, and fit for duty; to celebrate this event the captain of carbineers asked him to an entertainment, and the cadet and myself were also invited. We of course determined not to accept the hospitality of the man we disliked and suspected; but he pressed us very much; the

ungrateful Englishman seconded him strongly, urging upon us that he could not enjoy his restored health, if those to whom he owed his recovery refused to join in his gladness. At length we reluctantly consented, and at seven o'clock in the evening all four assembled at the hotel. This was the opportunity fixed upon to carry out the designs against us. I shall not enter into the details of that unlucky evening; they succeeded but too well in their plans. Finding that it was in vain to tempt me to play, they made me drink the health of my late patient, in some drugged liquor I suppose, for soon after I fell into a deep sleep, and when I awoke, found myself alone in the room where we had dined, and the light of the sun streaming in through the windows. It was well on to mid-day.

Several minutes passed before I could recollect where I was, and how I had come there. When I had in some measure collected my scattered thoughts, and shaken off the heavy lethargic feeling that still weighed upon me, I hastened to seek my beloved little companion,

anxiously wondering what could have become of him. I learned at the house where he lived that he had returned very late the night before, apparently tired and excited; and that early this morning he had received orders to join a portion of his regiment that was posted on the lines two miles from the town. When my daily duties were ended I walked off to where the cadet had been sent. He seemed oppressed and worn out with fatigue and want of rest; I found him lying on a bank beside his tent thinking sadly on Pepita, his gay dress disordered, his long dark hair damp and neglected, and his eyes red with weeping. I took the poor child by the hand, and tried to comfort him in my best Spanish, but for a long time he would only answer me with sobs, and at length he sobbed himself to sleep. I wrapped his little cloak round him, and watched patiently till he awoke, after about an hour's refreshing rest: then he found words, and told me all that had occurred to him since I had gone to sleep at the unlucky entertainment.

The host soon pleaded some excuse and left us, when the Englishman immediately proposed play; dice were laid on the table, but the cadet refused for a long time: he had never played in his life, nor felt its horrible temptations. But in his education this maddening vice had not been guarded against; no one had taught him that its beginning was furious avarice,—its end destruction and despair. He was simply innocent of all knowledge of its pleasures and its woes. The tempter told that to play was manly, and that if he feared to lose money, he had no spirit. So he played, and lost all he had, and much more. When too tired to go on, he wrote an acknowledgment of what he owed, under the direction of his dangerous associate; and then, very wretched and frightened at what he had done, went home and slept. He would not go, however, till the Englishman promised to see me safely to my billet. I need not add that the promise was not kept. It was about midnight when the cadet went away. My late patient then examined me closely to see

that I slept soundly ; finding there was but little chance of my interfering with their plans, he quietly shut the door, and left me, hastening to seek his employer and relate his success.

A relation of my little friend, residing in the town, had been requested to watch over him, and supply his wants, while remaining at San Sebastian. To this person the captain of carbineers went early the next morning, and by affecting an interest in the boy, as a brother-officer, managed to persuade the guardian to request that his ward might be removed at once from the garrison, to save him from the bad company and dissipated habits into which he had fallen. The written acknowledgment of the heavy gambling debt, contracted only the night before, was handed in while the accuser was yet speaking, with a demand for payment from an officer of the Legion waiting outside. This appeared proof conclusive. In half an hour the cadet was on his way to the lines, under strict orders not on any account to re-enter the city. Before he left, he had sent in all directions vainly

searching for me to advise him in his emergency, and to make some effort to have this cruel and unexpected sentence reversed.

The first week of March approached its end. From day to day the order to advance into the Carlist country was expected; the city and the surrounding neighbourhood were full of troops, the streets and roads literally blocked up with guns, ammunition-waggon, and bullock-carts, passing and repassing for the armament or supply of the different divisions of the army. General officers were observed in frequent consultation with their chief. Aides-de-camp galloped about in all directions. Large buildings were cleared out, and churches prepared as hospitals with grim rows of iron bedsteads ranged along the vaulted aisles. Steamboats buzzed backwards and forwards between the harbour and the neighbouring port of Passages. Deserters came and went. Vague rumours seemed to float in the air. Some great and terrible day was plainly close at hand.

Information worthy of being relied on was

obtained, that the greater part of the troops had been removed from our front for some remote operations, and that there now remained a force inferior to our own. But this was the flower of the Carlist army. Stout Chapelgorris—the “white caps” of Guipuzcoa, hardy shepherds from the hills of Alava, with the Requetè — the fiercest soldiers of Navarre. Their watch-fires blazed each night on the rugged slopes of the Pyrenees; and as the morning sun lighted the deep gorges of the mountains, from every hamlet and shady valley along the line arose their stirring shout, “For God, and for the King.” All day long, in sunshine or in storm, they laboured at their intrenchments. The musket was laid carefully aside, and the pick-axe supplied its place. They dug, and delved, and toiled, fencing round each Biscayan cottage as if it were a holy place. Every gentle slope on the projecting spurs of the great mountains was cut and carved into breastworks and parapets; every ivied wall of their rich orchards was pierced with loopholes, every village church

turned into a citadel. Men worked, women aided, children tried to aid. The hated Christians, and the still more hated English, were before them ; behind them lay their own loved and lovely land. And still, as they toiled, when betimes the wearied arm ached and the faithful spirit drooped, a shout would roll along the valleys and echo among the hills that nerved them with a fresh strength, and cheered them with a firmer hope—" For God, and for the King."

Late on the afternoon of the 9th of March, aides-de-camp were sent to all parts of the lines with strict orders that no one should, on any account, be allowed to pass out. An hour after nightfall, the whole army was put in motion, the main part filed on to the glacis of the fortress of San Sebastian, battalion after battalion formed in close column, piled their arms, and lay down in their ranks, preserving a profound silence : the artillery horses were harnessed, and remained in readiness within the city walls. By about two o'clock in the morning, each corps had taken up its place.

About eight thousand men were assembled on the space of a few acres ; scarcely a sound was heard, not a creature moved through the streets of the town, not a solitary lamp made “ visible ” the darkness of the night. The sentries paced their round upon the walls as at other times, and their measured tread was distinct and clear in the noiseless air. And yet, though I saw nothing and heard nothing of them, I *felt* the crowded thousands round me ; there was a heaviness and oppression in the atmosphere like the threat of a coming storm, and the ground seemed slightly to tremble, or rather throb, as if in sympathy with the hearts that beat above in hope or fear.

But among the dwellings within the city, there was anxious hurrying from room to room, and from hundreds of windows straining eyes strove against the thick darkness of the night :—wives, mothers, sisters, and those who, though they bore none of those hallowed names, yet loved most tenderly some one in the assembled host about to brave the chance of life or death. Dolores and Pepita were alone in

their large gloomy house ; their father was on the walls with his company of the National Guard. The convalescent was with his regiment on the glacis ; I was there too, attached for the time to the same corps, and the odious captain of carbineers was also at the muster. And where was Pepita's play-fellow ? They had not seen him since the night of the ill-fated entertainment. The second light infantry were drawn up close to the ramparts ; of course, the brave boy is there too. " Ay de mi ! " said the younger girl to Dolòres, " that I should not see the dear child before the battle. " " It can't be helped," answered her sister, " and it is now full time to go to rest ; we are alone in the house too, and midnight has struck long since. " But Pepita would not be persuaded ; she seated herself in her father's great chair, and bade Dolòres good night. The elder sister, seeing her determination, kissed her and went her way. After a little time, the young girl began to yield to fatigue ; she cried heartily with anxiety for her dear child, but at length, overcome by drowsiness, laid her soft round arm

upon the table close by, her head then drooped gently till resting upon it, and she fell sound asleep ; while her long black hair, broken loose from its bands, flowed in rich profusion over her graceful neck. She dreamed of her boy-lover, for a fond sweet smile played upon her parted lips.

Now a little scene passes that it saddens me to recall to memory. The boy-lover has contrived to get away from his regiment unobserved, and has reached the well-known door ; it is only closed, not locked. He opens it very gently, and walks with noiseless footsteps into the room, so noiseless that the sleeper is not awakened, kneels down beside her, and for many minutes gazes on her lovely face in silent happiness. But time flies fast. He rises, takes gently in his hand one of her long locks, cuts it off, and puts it in his bosom ; then bends over her, presses his lips softly to hers for a moment, and hastens away. And yet that night she only dreamed that he had bidden her farewell.

The cadet had not long rejoined his regiment,

where I had sought him, when our conversation was interrupted by a loud trumpet-blast—the sound for the advance. Ere it had ceased to echo, a broad blue flame shot up into the dark sky from the roof of a house in the centre of the city, illuming the sea and land around with a dismal and sinister light. For an instant, thousands of startled upturned faces shone livid in the sudden gleam, then vanished into darkness deeper than before. But soon, on a neighbouring hill beyond the lines, another flame bursts forth; again from a high peak of the Pyrenees; and again and again, further and further away to the mountains of Navarre, the traitor signal-fire flashed forth the notice of our march,—and from that hour every city and town, village and hamlet of the north sent forth its armed men to crush us in defeat.

A few battalions went on in front, the artillery followed, next came the main body of the army. We crossed the little river Urumea over the wooden bridge close to the town, followed the road towards Passages for some distance, and then turned into the hilly lands

to the south-east of San Sebastian. The heads of columns took positions on or near Alza heights, forming by regiments as they came up, still under cover of the darkness. But though the march was conducted with great order and silence, the heavy rumbling of the guns over the stony roads, and the measured tramp of thousands of armed men were plainly heard for many miles around. By dawn of day the army was in order of battle, with the artillery in position commanding the Ametza hill, where a small Carlist force was intrenched.

Between these opposing forces was a hatred far deadlier than the usual animosity of war. The Christinos and Carlists thirsted for each other's blood, with all the fierce ardour of civil strife, animated by the memory of years of mutual insult, cruelty, and wrong. Brother against brother—father against son—best friend turned to bitterest foe—priests against their flocks—kindred against kindred. “For God and for the King,”—“For Liberty and Spain.” But to our foes, we of the British Legion were the most odious of all; strangers, mercenaries,

heretics, scoffers, polluters of their sacred soil ; so did they term us. For us there was no quarter ; in the heat of battle, or by cold judicial form, it was all the same : to fall into their hands was certainly a tortured death. Their king had issued the bloody mandate ; they were its ready executioners. At different times, and under different circumstances, many of our men had fallen alive into their hands, but the doom of these unfortunates was always the same. About a week since, five Scottish soldiers, while cutting wood, unarmed, in a grove close by our lines, were suddenly seized, bound, and carried away to Hernani, the nearest town ; they were tied to stakes in the great square, and shot to death, slowly, with many wounds, commencing at the feet, and gradually rising higher, till a kind bullet struck some vital spot. One of these victims was a brawny giant with a huge black bushy beard ; I recollect him well, it was said he had been the Glasgow hangman. Our men swore frightful vengeance ; a black flag—unsanctioned by the authorities—waved over Alza fort ; and as orders were given by

the generals for the safety of the enemies who might be taken, it was agreed among the soldiers that there should be *no prisoners*.

Some shots from the English artillery on Alza heights began the battle; as the smoke curled up in white wreaths through the pure morning air, the deadly missiles fell lazily into the Carlist breastworks, and burst with destructive accuracy. At the same time, the Irish brigade of the Legion crossed the valley between us and the enemy at a rapid pace—for a time hidden in the mists of the low grounds—but as they neared the hostile parapets they re-appeared, ascending the sloping hill, then their pace increased to a run, and at last they broke, and rushed like a flock of wolves upon the foe. The Carlists waited till the assailants were close at hand, fired one sharp rattling volley into their leading files, and, abandoning the position, fled rapidly down the opposite side of the hill. An English brigade, consisting of the rifles and two London regiments, had at the same time attacked the intrenchments on our right, threatening to cut

off a retreat should an effort be made to hold them against the front attack. My duties lay with this portion of the army.

Some time was now passed in pushing our line forward to the new position we had so cheaply gained. The English brigade skirmished against feeble detachments of the Carlists in the hollow to our right, by the banks of the Urumea. In front of the Ametza heights, lay a lovely valley ornamented with picturesque cottages and orchards; to the left there projected into the low grounds a wide elevated platform from the stony hill of San Gerónimo; beyond this stony hill was the **main road** to France, the object of our expedition. **Some** Spanish battalions were pushed across the low grounds to our left front, and briskly attacked the platform; they made but slow progress, for the Carlists fought stoutly for every foot of ground. Soon, however, the lumbering guns followed, and opened their murderous fire; fresh troops pushed on till the platform was gained, and the defenders retired slowly up the Stony Hill. But here there was a check.

Protected by their parapets, and aided by the difficulties of the rocky slope, the Carlists held their ground, determined, come what might, to cover the great French road. Battalion after battalion of the Christinos charged this height in vain. The regiment of the Princessa, more than two thousand strong, the pride of the sunny south, was beaten back three times, and left its best and bravest dead among the rugged rocks.

Among the inhabitants of these Biscayan provinces, some few had joined the constitutional cause. Perhaps their motives for so doing may not have been purely political, or altogether from abstract ideas about liberal governments. However, they formed themselves into a free corps about one thousand strong, and from their fierce courage, hardihood, and knowledge of the country, they were more useful to their friends, and dangerous to their enemies, than any troops in the Queen's army. The fact was, that a great proportion of them were deserters, malefactors escaped from justice, or desperate villains from other European nations.

They wore red jackets like the Legion, with waist-belts containing their bayonet and ammunition, a blanket twisted like a rope, passing round over the left shoulder and under the right arm, was their only additional burthen, and a red flat cap or Boyna completed their equipment ; this last was called in the Basque tongue Chapelgorri, and from it the corps derived its name. They chose their own officers, owned but little obedience even to the generals, claimed the right of leading the advance, gave or took no quarter, and plundered unmercifully upon all occasions. These peculiar regulations, though rendering them terrible in war, were attended with certain inconveniences to the members of the corps. They were hunted like wild beasts by their enemies, often condemned and shot for mutiny by their own leaders, and stabbed in midnight brawls by one another. The result of all this was that on the morning of the 10th of March, only three hundred and eighty Chapelgorris remained alive, to march under their chief " El Pastor."

At break of day, these fierce freebooters had

started off on their own account from our far left, and made a dash at a place called Renteria, some distance within the Carlist country. Their attack was unexpected, and after a few random shots, the village was abandoned to them. In this poor place, there was very little plunder to be found, but they took what they could, and destroyed the rest; they chanced, however, upon some gold and silver communion plate in the churches; this they put upon a mule's back, and with laudable precaution sent it to the rear; then having done as much damage with fire and steel as their limited time would permit, they plunged into the deep woody ravines lying between them and the hill of San Geronimo, and with desperate daring made straight for the scene of strife, through this difficult and hostile country.

Just as the regiment of the Princesa was driven back from their last fierce struggle among the rocks on the hill side, the Chapelgorris, to the great surprise of both friends and foes, emerged from a shady hollow, and shouting like fiends, charged suddenly upon the rear

of the Carlists. For a little, they carried all before them, and at one time had actually cleared the parapets that had been so long and bravely defended; but, seeing the weakness of their assailants, and that the attack was unsupported, the Carlists soon rallied, and with a force of ten to one charged down the blood-stained hill. The Chapelgorris held their vantage ground for many minutes, fighting desperately hand to hand with bayonet thrust, and even with the deadly stab of their long knives; but at length some squadrons of Lancers made their way through the rough stones, and piked them without mercy. About half their number, mostly wounded, made their way back into the Christino lines, and having lighted fires, proceeded with perfect unconcern to cook their dinners.

As I said before the Christino troops held the broad elevated platform at the foot of the Stony Hill. To the right, between this high ground and the river Urumca, the English brigade of the Legion held the valley. At the extreme advance, by the bank of the stream,

on a rising ground, there stood a small cottage, surrounded by a low stone wall, enclosing the little orchard ; a handful of men of a London regiment, commanded by my late patient, were thrown into it, with orders to defend it as long as possible, and then to make good their retreat, should they see that the army found it necessary to retire. I was sent with this small detachment to assist the wounded. Our position was completely isolated from all communication with the main body, but to the left rear our flank was protected by a thickly wooded conical hill, held by half a battalion of the second Spanish light infantry ; to the left rear of that again, was the broad platform, where our main force lay ; from this elevation a threatening row of guns looked out upon the conical hill, extending their protection over its defenders. As long as this connecting position between us and the platform was held, we were safe, for the Urumea covered our right flank, but the force appointed for this duty was under the command of the sullen and treacherous captain of carbineers. During the early part

of the day, while the strife was raging upon the hill of San Gerónimo, we were in comparative quiet, only intent upon holding our ground, while, with the exception of a few daring skirmishers, every now and then rebuked by the artillery on the platform, the enemy offered us no annoyance.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, when all our repeated attacks upon the Stony Hill on the left had plainly failed, and it became evident that some other means must be found of forcing our way to the great French road, our chiefs began to withdraw their troops from the extreme left, narrowing their front preparatory to returning within the lines for the night. These movements released the stout defenders of San Gerónimo, and flushed with their success, but unwearied by their labours, they passed rapidly along the slope of the valleys in front of the platform, from left to right; sheltered from the fire of our artillery by the shade of the thick woods, they formed their columns for a desperate attack upon our extreme right—the cottage where I was, and

the conical hill, upon the possession of which our safety depended. While these new dispositions were being made, the firing almost ceased along the whole line. We guessed pretty well what was coming, and prepared as best we might for the approaching storm.

Presently thousands of bayonets glittered in the bright sun-light among the trees in our front; the heads of three heavy columns issued from the wood and pushed across the valley against our positions. The main force assailed the platform, but could make no head against the fire of the artillery, and the masses of troops defending it; another body of some strength rushed up to our cottage stronghold, swarmed round it, and poured a deafening roar of musketry upon the doors and windows; we were instantly driven from the orchard to the shelter of the dwelling, but there we held our own, and the stout Londoners dealt death among the foe. Several men had been killed, and some badly wounded, while retreating from the orchard into the cottage, so my hands were full. I did my utmost, but could not

keep pace with the work of destruction. The fire waxed heavier; the Carlists, though suffering severely, pressed closer and closer round us, animated with the hope that we might fall into their hands; but the conical hill is not yet assailed, and till it is lost our retreat is safe. The third attacking column has disappeared in a ravine to our left. Where will that storm burst? There they are! now they rise up from the deep hollow — the glittering bayonets and the terrible “white caps;” and now with a fierce shout, louder than the roar of the battle, they dash against the conical hill. We see no more; the thick woods conceal alike our friends and foes.

My late patient, the commander of our little garrison, had been already wounded in the head, but refused my aid with horrid oaths. A torn handkerchief was wrapped round his temples, his face and long grizzled beard were stained with blood, begrimed with smoke and dust; he had seized the musket and ammunition of a fallen soldier, and, fearless of the deadly hail of bullets, stood upright before a

window firing with quick precision, then rapidly reloading. Nevertheless, every now and then, he cast an anxious look beyond, to see how fared the strife upon the all-important hill.

And now the roar of musketry is heard among the trees, and a thick cloud of smoke hangs over the scene of the struggle, concealing the fortunes of the fight. But see! From the back of the hill furthest from the enemy, a tall man, in the uniform of an officer, hastens stealthily away; he crosses towards the river close to the cottage; though hidden by a bank from the Carlists, we see him plainly from the upper windows; his object is probably to escape unobserved down by the stream into the lines. He has thrown away his sword, his eyes are bloodshot, his face pale with deadly fear, and wild with terror. We look again: eternal infamy! it is the captain of carbineers. Immediately after this, the defenders of the hill, deserted by their leader and pressed by the superior force of the Carlists, gave ground, broke, and fled along the valley. "That accursed coward has be-

trayed us," shouted our commander, fiercely. "But he shall not escape us, by ——." As he spoke he aimed at the fugitive and pulled the trigger, but before he finished the sentence, I heard a dull, heavy splash, as of a weight falling upon water; the musket dropped from his grasp, he threw his long sinewy arms up over his head, and fell back without a groan. A bullet had gone through his brain; meanwhile the object of his wrath ran rapidly past and gained the sheltering underwood by the stream in safety.

Our soldiers, instead of being daunted by the loss of their commander, were inspired with the energy of despair. They knew they might not hope for mercy from their fierce assailants, and determined to struggle to the last. All retreat was cut off, but as long as their ammunition lasted they could keep at bay. This, however, began soon to fail. They rifled the pouches of their dead comrades, and still, though almost against hope, bravely held on the fight.

The Carlists upon the conical hill were now

exposed to the fire from the guns of the platform, and though in some degree sheltered by the trees, they suffered severely. The Christino forces were, however, being gradually withdrawn from the field of battle, and the chances of our perilous situation being observed by our friends, became momentarily less; a vigorous rush upon the conical hill to gain possession of it, even for a few minutes, might enable us to extricate ourselves, but in the roar and confusion of the battle our little band was forgotten by the Spanish force, left to cover the withdrawal of the army—forgotten by all but one,—the gallant young cadet, my generous friend. He knew that I was in the beleaguered cottage, disgracefully left to its fate by a portion of his own regiment; he saw that we still held out,—that there was a hope that we might yet be saved. He hastened to the commanding officer of his corps, told of our perilous situation, and pointed out the means of extricating us. The orders were, that this regiment,—the Second Light Infantry, should check the Carlist advance, till the main body

of the Christinos had fallen back upon the positions taken in the morning. The generous boy who had gained a hearing by his gallant conduct through the day, urged his cause so earnestly, that at last it won attention; he pointed out how the recovery of the conical hill would effectually secure the retirement of the troops from annoyance, and that they would have the glory of saving the detachment of the Legion* from destruction. The colonel, a gallant old soldier, himself an Englishman by birth, leant no unwilling ear, and the regiment received the order to advance.

Meanwhile, we saw with bitter sorrow battalion after battalion withdrawing from the platform, and the Carlist reserves advancing down the valley in our front to press on the retiring army. But when we had almost ceased to hope, a dark green column emerged from the woods in our rear by the water side, and in serried ranks, with steady step, marched straight upon the fatal hill. It dashes aside the opposing crowds of white-capped skirmishers; it gains the slope and nears the

wooded brow, still, with unfaltering courage, pressing on, though men are struck down at every step. They are now close at hand; we feel their aid; our assailants slacken their fire, and give way; the path is nearly clear: when the hill is won we are saved. We can now plainly distinguish our deliverers—the Second Light Infantry, and in front of the leading rank the gallant cadet toils up the hill. A volley staggers the advancing files; but the youth cheers them on — one effort more. Hurrah, brave boy! hurrah, for the honour of Castile! They follow him again; the brow is gained, they plunge into the wood; another rattle of musketry, and the Carlists are driven from the hill.

We seized the golden opportunity, and bearing with us those of the wounded who survived, made good our retreat. The few still capable of any exertion joined our brave deliverers, and retired slowly with them, but the Carlists pressed upon us no more that night.

The evening was falling fast, and the long shadows of the mountains covered the field

of blood, when I sat down at the advanced post of our lines to await the returning column and meet the gallant boy, to whom we owed our deliverance. They marched slowly up along the road; for many wounded men, borne on stretchers, or supported by their companions, encumbered their movements. Then, as company after company filed past, I looked with anxious eyes for my dear young friend. But he came not. Even in the pride of their brave deed the soldiers seemed dull and sorrowful without his airy step and gallant bearing to cheer them on. Last in the ranks came a tall bearded grenadier, carrying something in his arms—something very light, but borne with tender care. It was the young cadet. His eyes were closed; his face wore a smile of ineffable sweetness, but was white as marble, and, like the smile on the features of a marble statue, there may be never again a change; for the fair child was dead.

The captain of the ship had joined our group some time before, and listened attentively

to the latter part of the story. When it came to this point, he cried out somewhat impatiently, "Hillo, Doctor! if you have nothing pleasanter to tell us, the sooner we turn in the better."

EVENING THE FOURTH.

“COME, Doctor,” said the captain of the ship, when we assembled at our usual time and place on the morrow, “this is a fine bright evening, with a lively breeze, so we can stand a little more of your dismals. I hope the rest of your friends may have had better luck than the soldier officer and the cadet that were knocked on the head in the scrimmage.” We all joined in the captain’s motion, and after a little persuasion, succeeded in arousing the necessary degree of courage in our timid little friend. The first sound of his own voice appeared to be the difficulty; that over, he got on glibly enough.

THE SURGEON (*continued*).

We surgeons had plenty to do on the night of the 10th of March. We sent all our patients that were fit to be moved into the town of San Sebastian before morning. Some ceased to suffer or to want our aid, others were sheltered in tents and a few wretched sheds made by the Carlists upon the Ametza Hill, where the head-quarters of our portion of the army were established. I got some rest at intervals, for they bore their pain bravely enough, poor fellows; but every now and then I had to rouse myself to give some aid, or, perhaps, to see the closing of eyes that were to meet the light of day no more. It is not easy to sleep in such a scene, but had each sigh of suffering been loud as the roar of cannon, worn out as I was with sorrow, anxiety, and toil, I must still have slept.

The next four days were occupied in petty skirmishes, caused by restless changes of posi-

tion on our side, and peevish but feeble opposition by the Carlists. The sentries at the advance posts frequently exchanged shots with each other, and several lives were lost in this useless and unchivalrous strife. A monkey-trick of treacherous wickedness was attempted on one of our piquets by the enemy. An officer and some twenty men were pushed forward each morning, to occupy the projecting spur of a hill in the front of our position ; at sunset they retired, and the post was taken possession of by our opponents. Our small party were daily in the habit of lighting a good fire to cook their dinners, on a particular spot, where a heap of ashes had accumulated in consequence. Here, during the night, the Carlists. concealed a large shell filled with powder, broken glass, old nails, and all sorts of mischievous things, with the fuse so arranged that when the fire should be lighted, all standing round or near it must be destroyed by the explosion. Providentially a deserter came over just in time to give warning of the plot, to save the piquet from destruction, and the Car-

lists from the consummation of their inhuman treachery.

During these days the heavens seemed to weep over the evil deeds of men, dark clouds hung on the rugged crests of the Pyrenees, and day and night poured down a drenching flood. The roads were almost turned into water-courses, the valleys were ponds, the hill-sides puddles. We lay in dirt, wet, and discomfort, the tents and sheds gave little protection against the violence of the wind and rain. Many of the English soldiers broke down under their hardships, some were chilled and paralysed, others went into convulsions. The main road from the lines into the town was a dismal sight ; at every hundred yards of the way was seen some cart or litter filled with the sick, the wounded, or the dying. The officers bore up the best, although some of them were mere boys, who had but lately left the comforts and luxuries of home.

On the morning of the 15th of March the mists began to break from off the craggy peaks, and in a little time the sun rose with unclouded

brightness above the distant summit of the mountain of the Three Crowns : his bright rays seemed to warm our host into life and activity. Again aides-de-camp were galloping about in all directions, and the busy hum of preparation sounded through the camp.

About five miles directly south of San Sebastian, lies the ancient town of Hernani ; through it passes the main road from France to Madrid ; the possession of this highway was, as I said last night, the great object of the contending armies. Our attack to the east of the river Urumea upon the rugged slopes of San Gerónimo had proved so difficult, that success would have been too dearly purchased had we persevered. The hastily barricaded town of Hernani might prove a more easy conquest, and its possession would effectually enable us to cut off the supplies, daily pouring into the Carlist country through the clandestine assistance of the French. About mid-day our troops received the order to advance.

There is a broad good road from San Sebastian to Hernani. Leaving the gates of the

city the traveller passes by a causeway over the sandy peninsula that connects the fortress and its overhanging rock with the mainland ; he then ascends a gentle slope through the ruins of convents and villages, till he reaches the summit of a range of undulating hills. To his right lies a rich verdant plain, watered by a little brook that discharges itself into the Bay, and bounded by abrupt eminences rising gradually in the distance to the lofty brotherhood of the Pyrenees. To the left a labyrinth of ravines and hills, shaded by the dark Spanish oak, fills up the space to where the Urumea winds through the lovely valley and hamlet of Loyola. When he has journeyed about four miles along this high ground he descends into a hollow, leaving a small inn or “venta” to his left hand ; as he rises up the opposite slope the conical hill of Oriamendi is passed at the same side of the road, and then—broad and beautiful—the valley of Hernani stretches out before him, in all the rich variety of vineyard, field, and forest, to where Santa Barbara’s sharp granite peaks throw their

shade over the ancient town. The conical hill of Oriamendi, and the long range of heights of which it was the crown, were held in force by the Carlists at the time of my story; it was also strengthened by numerous parapets, and some heavy guns. The "venta" was occupied, and its walls loopholed. The hollow where this inn lies, extends for some miles east and west, now expanding into a valley, then narrowing to a rocky gorge; the high grounds overlooking it on the side of San Sebastian were occupied with but little opposition by a few of our advanced piquets at about midday.

It fell to my lot to be placed a little in rear of these heights, where the different brigades of the army were forming for the attack, as regiment after regiment arrived by the main road from the direction of the city. First came a battalion of Irish light infantry, with bold bright eyes and airy step, marching four deep with muskets trailed, and their heads and arms keeping time with the stirring music of "St. Patrick's Day." Then followed the little

active riflemen in their trim green coats, and two regiments of sturdy Londoners, all with their noisy martial bands, and far away along the road came tramping on a steady column, whose shrill sounding pipes and plaided caps told of the "bonnie north." Dark masses of the Spanish troops were already formed in the hollows near the road, or moved slowly and with difficulty through the tangled ravines on the left, between us and the hamlet of Loyola. Among these our allies, one battalion was conspicuous above all from the martial bearing and stately forms of the men, and the splendour of their military music: these were the militia of the Province of Jaen, one of the fairest tracts of Andalusia, a corps, however, that throughout the army held a bad preeminence for mutiny and disaffection. They formed the advance of the division with which my duties lay.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the artillery moved on to the front, and when the rumbling of their wheels ceased, their deep voices told that the action had begun. Then

a sharp rattle of musketry opened in our front upon the main road, as our skirmishers pushed down into the hollow and assailed the orchard of the “venta;” from the summit of the Oriamendi heights the Carlists plied some heavy guns on our advance.

Now away to the right and left,—among the deep ravines, over the woody heights, along the verdant valleys, the battle breezes suddenly up; copses and groves, where a moment before all seemed still and lonely, blaze out like fountains of fire; long lines of bayonets flashing in the bright sun-beams wind up the steep slopes through the trees, like huge glittering serpents; as the heads of the columns reach the summit they extend into a wider front and plunge down into the hollow lying betwixt them and the foe. Soon dense clouds of sulphurous smoke arise from the low grounds, and hanging heavily in the humid air, settle among the woody crests of the hills, and shroud the battle from our sight.

Meanwhile our brigade is ordered on, we leave the main road and descend by a rude track

into the broken forest ground to our left. Our tall Moorish-looking men of Jaen strode boldly on in front through the rough rocks and tangled brushwood, clearing the way for our advance, till we reached an open space of some extent, where stood a picturesque cottage and a neat garden; a dense wood beyond crested the range of heights on our side of the hollow that lay between us and the Carlist positions. We did not suppose that any of the enemy still held ground so near, and after a brief delay to collect those who had wandered in the difficult route, the men of Jaen plunged into the wood. I found myself with them. They pushed on rapidly through the dense oak-trees, without seeing a hostile face, all unconscious of their danger, till they neared a long low fence. Suddenly uprose a line of white caps, and a volley poured into our scattered ranks: the next moment the Carlists leaped out from their shelter, and bore us back through the wood before the bayonet, shouting fiercely as they drove us on. Many a tough struggle, hand to hand, went

on in those few minutes; all who could get clear of the underwood hurriedly escaped, but many stumbled and fell, or were overtaken, and had no choice but to strive to the last, and give stab for stab to their pursuers. One huge bearded Andaluz made his way out from among a crowd of white caps, his clothes torn, his face streaming with blood, his musquet broken, the bayonet bent nearly double, and red with gore; he was the last that escaped alive. His wounds, though numerous, were of but little moment; I bound them up as well as I could; his regiment and its surgeon were by this time some distance in the rear. He seemed grateful to me, and declared he would remain with the English as his countrymen had fled. A battalion of the British Legion now came up and turned the tide; after a few sharp volleys the Carlists were driven from the wood.

With some loss and hard fighting our army was firmly established in possession of the heights facing the range of Oriamendi, where the Carlist force was entrenched, and a sharp skirmish was carried on in the interven-

ing hollow. Towards the left of our hilly position a spur of wooded upland projected into the valley opposite to the apparently most vulnerable point of the enemy's lines: on this projection two brigades of the British Legion and a considerable force of Spanish infantry were collected, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, to storm the hostile parapets. The Carlists swarmed down into the hollow and poured a deadly fire into the wood, embarrassing the formation of our columns and covering the ground with slain. The Rifles and a London regiment were thrown forward into the broken ground to check this annoyance; and four mountain guns, brought into action with immense labour and difficulty, played on the foe from an open space in our front.

Here, for about half an hour, the battle raged furiously: our men fell fast; the bullets rattled among the branches of the oak trees like autumn hail. But the Carlists suffered heavily too. Though many of our gunners were struck down, others supplied their place, and the terrible Shrapnell shells dealt death

among the foe. With the same coolness as on a parade, with the same skill as at a holiday practice, the stout artillerymen did their work. I saw one man struck in the hand while raising it in the act of applying the portfire to the gun: the bullet shivered the bone from the wrist to the elbow: his right arm fell powerless by his side, but in his left he seized the match, and with the usual steady formality of action fired the vengeful shot. In a few minutes he fell fainting from loss of blood, and was borne away.

One attack on the Carlist parapets failed; the assailing regiment recoiled after a heavy loss, pressed closely by the enemy, and bearing back with them their colonel wounded mortally. Again the white caps closed round us on every side in loose array, pouring in a concentrated fire upon our crowded masses. I had busy work; but little care could be given to each wounded man. All who were capable of being moved were hurried to the rear; others lay hopelessly where they fell, staining the sweet spring flowers with their vital blood.

I should have been appalled at this fierce strife had I had time to think, but far faster than I could tend them the wounded and dying were stretched by my side.

Now the General and his staff arrive at our position, and gallop fearlessly about, distributing orders to the different corps. The shades of evening already deepen the gloom of the dark oak woods, and the flash of the cannon and musket shines brighter through the failing light. It is determined to make one effort more before night shrouds the assailant and the assailed. An Irish battalion of the Legion is formed, lying on the ground in close column, to the right of our projecting hill; the Spanish regiment of the Princessa to the left. The English rifles push down into the hollow and drive the Carlist skirmishers before them from tree to tree. The front is cleared. Then, with a loud shout, up rose the attacking columns, and, at a sharp run, they dashed down the intervening slope.

Some random shots still reached our position from the retreating foe. As I bent

over a wounded man I felt a dull, heavy blow on my hip, and then a burning heat where I had been struck; there was little pain, but by degrees my sight became dim and uncertain, my head swam round, my limbs relaxed, and with the roar of the battle fading on my ear, I fell helpless and unconscious to the ground. In a little time I was aroused by the sharp suffering caused by the probing of my wound. After a hurried examination and dressing I was left to myself, and lay weak and exhausted upon the ground. Every available man was pushed forward, and all around me were as helpless as myself.

In the meantime the fire redoubled in our front: the Carlists had thrown the weight of their force upon the defence of this position, and from every tree, and along the whole line of parapets on the hill side, their musketry flashed fiercely out upon the advancing column. The assailing battalions returned never a shot, but still loudly shouting, drove the enemy before them with the bayonet up the rugged slope. The last light of the setting sun

was resting on the summits of the Oriamendi heights, when, with a loud cheer, the red coats of the British Legion swarmed over the conquered hill, and the dark green uniforms of the "Princessa" followed closely on their track. In a few minutes the Carlists abandoned all the rest of the range, and our troops occupied the deserted positions without further difficulty. The night fell, and firing speedily ceased.

My servant, who led a mule carrying my luggage, had lost sight of me in the confusion of the battle; no one was near who could afford me any assistance; the night was dark and chill, and my wound began to grow stiff and painful. I was some distance from the main road; the tangled and difficult ravines we had passed in the day lay between me and it. I was scarcely able to rise and creep along, and knew not which way to turn. Then the terrible idea crossed my mind that the Carlists might return under cover of the darkness and prowl over these well-known haunts in search of vengeance and of plunder.

My heart sank within me ; faint and helpless I lay down again and quietly awaited my fate.

I was rapidly sinking into apathy, when a tall figure passed close by me ; it stopped and bent down, turned, and wandered a little further on, then bent down again, as if searching for something through the gloom. After a moment's hesitation, I determined at all hazards to ask for aid, and called aloud, " Help me, I am wounded ! " The figure immediately approached ; I recognized the Andaluz whose hurts I had dressed some time before. He seemed well pleased to have found me. When his regiment had fallen back after their rough treatment in the wood, he remained with the advancing battalions of the Legion, and had seen me fall just as they were pushing on to the final assault. As soon as the heights were carried, he returned to seek me, moved by a feeling of gratitude for the assistance I had rendered him.

With his aid I rose, and painfully moved away, guided and almost supported by him. It was now quite dark, except where some

distant watch-fire gave its narrow circle of light and warmth to the wearied soldiery. Our path to the main road, tortuous and difficult even by day, was doubly so now; we wandered for **a long time** through the labyrinth of ravines and hills, now resting a little, then pressing on again, till at length, to our great joy, the moon rose, and at a very little distance from us one of the hamlets we had passed through by the main road in the morning appeared distinctly in its silver light. Cheered by the welcome sight, we soon gained the nearest house. It happily chanced that many of the servants and camp-followers, who had been separated from their different corps during the action, and knew not where to seek them in the darkness, had taken up their quarters for the night in this hamlet, as the most advanced point where they could safely remain till morning's light would enable them to rejoin their regiments. My servant was among the number; he speedily brought our mule from a fence close by, where it was tied, and by strapping blankets upon the pack-saddle, ar-

ranged a pretty good equipment for my journey. Wearied, and almost fainting as I was, I yet determined to press on into San Sebastian that night, knowing that were my wound to stiffen I could hardly be moved the following day. With the help of the Andaluz, I was put upon the mule: when he found I was ready to start under careful charge, and with only the high road before me, he said, "Now God be with you, you need me no more," and turned to depart. I called him back to thank him for his great service to me, and tried to force a small sum of money upon him as an acknowledgment of my gratitude. With a flush of indignation he put away my proffered gift. "You helped me, and I have helped you!" he cried, "we now owe each other nothing—farewell!" He turned again, and strode proudly away.

When we arrived at San Sebastian, after a painful and dreary journey through the chill night air, we found the town in the greatest confusion; the streets crowded with wounded men, and the civil officers hurrying to and

fro in providing shelter and assistance for the sufferers. Vague disjointed rumours of brilliant victory or disastrous defeat, both equally untrue, were spread abroad; as each wounded man, or deserter of his colours, brought in the tale of what he himself had witnessed, and told it, exaggerated or qualified by his own hopes or fears, the minds of the anxious inhabitants alternated between joy and sorrow. One thing, however, was certain—there had been a heavy loss, the hospitals were crowded, the churches were filling fast with the maimed and dying, the Sisters of Charity, and, indeed, most of the ladies in the city, had their hands full of painful labour, and the doctors remaining in the garrison were driven to despair.

My former room was already occupied by a Spanish officer who had lost his arm that morning, but my kind friends gave me the best accommodation they had still remaining. I was carried quite to the top of the house, and placed on a bed close by a window that overlooked the city walls; from this height I could plainly see the light cast from the

watch-fires of our army on the summits of the Oriamendi hills. I tossed about, suffering, wearied, and feverish; thick-coming fancies crowded through my heated brain, sleep fled from me, and I longed earnestly for the dawn.

The first dim light of morning was the signal for the recommencement of the strife. The gentle southern breeze, that wafted the early mists from off the wooded hills, bore the sharp crack of the rifle, and the duller sound of scattered musketry to my ear. Hostile piquets and advanced posts had been pushed on in the darkness close together, and had become almost entangled with each other. The soldiers, unconscious, perhaps, that their deadly foes were resting within a few yards of them, had lain down and slept their hard-earned sleep. But when the blessed light of day chased away the shadows of the night—when the tender dew-drops shone like gems in the first slanting rays, and the little birds filled the woods with their morning song, man roused himself to his savage work, and stained the gentle scene with kindred blood.

As the hours advanced, the dropping fire increased to a continuous roar ; a dense cloud of white smoke hung over the distant heights. My ear, quickened by feverish excitement, distinctly told the progress of the strife. The line of battle receded further and further from the city ; our troops were gaining ground ; there was obstinate resistance however ; every step in advance was hardly won ; the echoes became fainter in the distance, as the assailants pressed down the slope, and carried the fight on into the fertile valley of Hernani. Every now and then the Carlists held their ground in some cottage-fortress, when I could plainly hear the storm of battle thicken round the spot. Presently the deep notes of the artillery would rise above the din, and in a brief space crush the sullen resistance of the foe. From hamlet to hamlet, from fence to fence, through the dark woods, over the rich green fields, the masses of the British Legion and Spanish infantry, by their very weight, force back the Carlist troops upon the outskirts of the town.

It is now noon. The midday sun looks

down with unclouded splendour upon the varied scene. The pleasant breeze that fanned my fevered cheek in the morning has died away in the roar of the artillery. A heavy sulphurous smell pervades the air as on the eve of a thunder storm. The waters of the Bay lie still and bright like molten silver. So calmly ebbs away the tide that scarce a wavy trace is left upon the golden sand. The craggy peaks of the Pyrenees and the undulating hills of the foreground are bathed in glowing light. The broad valleys, enriched by the abundant rains of the past week, seem almost to burst into verdure under the genial warmth of the day. No fairer, lovelier land rejoices the eye of man — no brighter Heavens declare the glory of God.

But here, amidst Nature's choicest gifts man's ugliest work goes briskly on—the crashing shot, the cruel thrust, the bursting shell —limbs maimed or severed, agony and death. This day will be rich in its harvest of despair. In each passing minute is fixed the sentence of many a year of woe,—wives, mothers, children

far away, ye dream not that this hour is big with your sad fate. The red flash, the little wreath of smoke, and the whistling bullet, and he you love best has passed from among the living to the dead. Widows, childless ones, and orphans, He who gave, now takes the gift away.

About one o'clock in the afternoon there was a lull in the tempest of the strife. Our advance had won the ground up to the outskirts of the town, and the body of the army was occupied in the formation of the new line of battle which their progress had rendered necessary. Some battalions were coming into position near the town in preparation for the assault, under cover of several gallant and brilliant charges by the Lancers of the Legion ; these stout horsemen speedily swept the Carlist skirmishers away from the open fields up to the very gates of Hernani.

I have so often heard the details of this disastrous day, and have seen so much of its results, that its events are as familiar to me as if I had been a closer eyewitness. At this

moment I can trace in memory every lull and renewed roar of the battle. I can see on the picture of the past the long wavy line of fire, and white wreaths of smoke receding further and further from my view, growing fainter and less marked for a time, then almost ceasing, and at last bursting out again more furiously than ever. But I anticipate.

When our new array was formed many of the men lay down to rest, basking in the warm sunshine. They had passed the night on the hill side chilled by the heavy dews. They hungered and thirsted; they were disheartened by the difficulties of the day before, and by their heavy losses in winning the Oriamendi heights. The soldiers of the British Legion despised and mistrusted their Spanish allies, and the Spaniards scarcely wished for a victory of which the laurels were to be borne by the heretic strangers. But so far all was well,—both had fought stoutly enough, with the exception of the militia of Jaen, which, doubtful in loyalty, if not in courage, had been sent to the rear.

The lull had not continued very long when an aide-de-camp left the Oriamendi range at full gallop; he was mounted on a stout English hunter, the country was broken and difficult, some broad brooks and stiff fences lay in his way, but the mission was evidently of importance; he bends neither to the right nor to the left, his course lies straight to a slight elevation where the general and staff are reconnoitring the threatened town. Now he dashes through a ploughed field, then plunges into a woody dell, again strains up a steep hill side; he gains the main road; the spur is busy, urging the willing steed till its panting sides are stained with gore and foam. He reaches the general, a few hurried words, and all eyes are turned to the south. The ground is not lofty enough to give the eye full range, the group gallops higher up the road to a commanding eminence, the town of Hernani lies below them as on a map, the Urumea winds past its walls; by the bank of the stream the main road leads into a pass between the hills; beyond lies

the Carlist country. A long line of little dark objects is dotted along the highway, it moves rapidly on, now and then the sun-light flashes upon something bright—they are glittering bayonets, and a hostile army is at hand.

On they come, battalion after battalion, crowding through the pass, pressing up the road, diverging into the fields to the right and left behind the town, and forming in dense masses as they arrive. Don Sebastian, of the royal race, and Villa Real, their bravest and best chief, are at their head. Then loud shouts of joyful welcome rise from the town. The drooping spirits of the defenders are aroused to confidence and hope. Toil and danger are forgotten since vengeance is at hand. Hernani will be saved, and the hated Christino driven from the sacred soil. Now they have all arrived—eleven strong battalions of fresh men, eager for the fight. The Carlist generals ride into the town, and hold hurried counsel with the chiefs they have come to aid.

The result of the conference is soon apparent. for the dark masses from behind the town are

put in motion. About two thousand men cross the Urumea and disappear in the long valley that runs across our left to the hamlet of Loyola. A still larger force emerges from behind the walls of the town, and crossing the broad plain, direct their march upon the broken woody ground on our extreme right. At the same time clouds of white-capped skirmishers press out through the front gates to clear the road for the advance of the whole remaining columns.

Meanwhile the Christino chief, conscious of the coming danger, makes every effort to get his scattered troops in hand. In the somewhat irregular attack his front had become perilously extended in proportion to his scanty force. From the bridge of Astigaràga over the Urumea at the head of the Loyola valley on the extreme left—along the Oriamendi heights, with a portion protruded into the broad plain below—across the great road to San Sebastian, and still further to the right among the woody hills, in all extending over nearly three miles of country, with difficult or impossible communication. He endeavoured rapidly to contract his

front, but a Spanish battalion, the first to close in from the west of the road, became entangled in the broken ground, and soon became altogether unmanageable; a few white caps, the advance of the formidable column directed on our extreme right, appearing among the trees, caused a sudden panic, and turned the confusion into a rout. The demoralization quickly spread; the brigade, forming the line to the west of the main road, withered up like a burning scroll, and the wreck fell back upon the Oriamendi height. But still some detached parties stoutly held their own upon the woody knolls; it was not till borne back by the dead weight of numbers that they sullenly yielded ground, and, giving shot for shot, fell back upon their retreating comrades.

Our battalions, formed in the broad valley for the assault of the town of Hernani, were quickly withdrawn up to the heights, while the rifles, and some other troops of the Legion, were left to check the skirmishers issuing from the town, and harass the advance of the Carlist columns. The stout British horsemen plied

their lances vigorously upon the highway, and in the open fields; but as the struggle passed on into the broken ground at the foot of the heights, they could no longer reach the foe, and with some emptied saddles fell back up the main road. From the projecting spurs of the Oriamendi range, the mountain-guns of the artillery dealt death among the Carlists whenever they appeared in sight, and the rifles, or, as the Spaniards called them, "The regiment of death," fought stoutly in the wood, marking their slow retreat with the corpses of the slain. However, in spite of the utmost endeavours of the rear-guard, the foe pressed fiercely on, and the new positions were not taken up without some confusion.

By this time the roar of the battle had breezed up briskly again. I could plainly distinguish that the line of fire was reapproaching the town, while the continuous din of the artillery told that the work was hot and earnest. Nearer and nearer comes the storm; the dense white smoke already rises over the Oriamendi height, and now and then a flash is

visible from the summit. The flashes become more numerous along the woody crest, till at length they are one long line of flame. The artillery have ceased to fire for a season, but re-open again presently from the top of the ridge. It is plain that the valley and the hill-side are lost. The height gives a check, and the strife rages round it; though the defenders are thinned by slaughter and desertion, they stoutly hold their ground.

The wounded begin to crowd into the city by the high-road: some borne on stretchers, others supported by their more fortunate unscathed companions. A few officers ride in slowly and painfully with bandaged heads or limbs; then comes a group of Lancers,—one held upon his horse, and drooping on the saddle; another thrown across his charger's shoulder, apparently dead or dying; others with their arms in slings, or with blood-stained handkerchiefs across their brows. Then some mules, bearing baggage, appear, urged on with somewhat unseemly speed, and “Vivandières,” and servants, and non-combatants of all de-

scriptions, crowding towards the stronghold ; to their shame be it said, that not a few uninjured armed men might also be seen hastening on, among the wounded, and the motley refuse of the camp.

By this time the news of the changing fortunes of the day had reached the town. Exaggerated rumours of the arrival of a great Carlist army filled the inhabitants with terror. The national guard left their peaceful avocations, and crowded to the gates and ramparts. No fugitives or camp-followers were permitted to enter the walls. The roofs of the houses, and the side of the lofty rock whereon stands the citadel, were crowded with anxious women and old men, gazing with eager eyes upon the distant lines of fire. Each wounded man, as he arrived, was listened to with breathless attention, till some new comer destroyed the interest of his tale by still later news.

I have already mentioned that a small bridge spans the Urumea above the village of Loyola, at a place called Astigaràga ; this was the only means of crossing the stream to the left

of our line on the Oriamendi heights, and it lay about a mile to the rear of the extremity of that flank of the position: unfortunately it was not protected. A battalion of the Legion held some heights near at hand, but were quite unprepared for danger, in this remote and hitherto undisturbed part of the battle-field. However, some light troops were on the look out, and I believe a corporal's guard held the important bridge.

When the shadows of the tall poplars by the river side began to lengthen over the still waters, the English sentinel on a rocky knoll that overlooked the bridge, fancied he saw some dark objects moving in the woody glades of the opposite bank. He called up the guard, but all became quiet again, and they strained their eyes in vain to pierce the shady distance. While they still watched keenly, a sound fell upon their ears distinct from the monotonous roar of the battle; it grew rapidly nearer and clearer, till it spake out as plainly as words could tell,—it was the tramp of armed men. The guard instantly gave the alarm, but before the

battalion could be got under arms the head of column of Carlist infantry crowned the brow of the nearest elevation on the high road, and descended at a running pace towards the bridge.

Upon our side a detachment of fifty or sixty men, hurriedly got together, ran down to anticipate them. They were, however, late ; the bridge was lost, and the underwood on the opposite bank was filled with the enemy's skirmishers.

At an angle of the road, close to the bridge, there was a large cottage, as usual in Biscay, surrounded with an orchard ; the upper windows overlooked both banks of the river. The brave officer who commanded our small detachment at once resolved to occupy this building and obstruct, as he best might, the passage of the enemy. He called upon his men to follow him, and ran across the orchard into the door. About half his small force also got past in safety, but a tremendous fire from the bridge and from the opposite bank was opened on the remainder. Many fell in the orchard ; some

wounded wretches strove to shelter themselves behind the scanty stems of the apple-trees, but were soon struck down again by the storm of bullets that swept over them. Others, less daring and more fortunate, hesitated to cross under the deadly hail, stopped, turned, and fled back into the wood. Those who had reached the cottage feebly answered the overwhelming fire of the Carlists from the doors and windows, but as the advancing columns pressed up from the rear those in front rushed over the bridge, swarmed round the walls, forced in the doors, and in a few minutes left the silence of death behind. The whole force then crossed rapidly and assailed the hill where the battalion of the Legion stood.

For a time there was a brisk defence; the ground offered some advantages, and the stubborn confidence of the English soldiers had not yet been shaken. But soon the outnumbering assailants overlapped both flanks, and, closing in, concentrated an intolerable fire upon the crest of the hill. Slowly and doggedly, at first, the red coats fell back among the trees,

still keeping their line as well as the broken and difficult ground would permit. As they receded they lost the aid of the commanding height; and the Carlists, inspired with fresh vigour at each step in advance, pressed closer and hotter upon their track. The combatants were almost mingled together in the thick woods; each tree was stoutly held till white caps swarmed round it; then the sullen Englishmen would seek another shelter a few yards in rear; and so on, foot by foot, from knoll to knoll, were they forced back, till broken, dispersed, and reduced to half their strength, they sought the refuge of the main road, each survivor as he best might.

When the roar and tumult of this unexpected combat reached the ears of the defenders of the Oriamendi heights it struck them with a sudden fear. Among troops of doubtful confidence and discipline no sound is so terrible as that of a hostile musket shot in the rear of their defence. When they heard the storm breeze up far away behind their left flank and sweep towards the line of retreat, many a

swarthy cheek grew pale, many a stout heart quailed. For them there was no hope of the grim courtesies of war, no military prison offered its dismal hospitality, no ultimate exchange a hope. They had to conquer, escape, or perish. Wearied, half-starved by cold and want in the preceding night; pressed by fresh, numerous, and angry foes; despising and distrusting their allies; indifferent to the cause for which they bled; uncheered by the red cross flag that glorious centuries have hallowed to the British heart, they——hold! —these are painful words to speak and hear —they turned and fled.

The Spanish troops, whether in position or reserve, now also at once gave way in every direction, and crowded in confused, terror-stricken masses upon the main road. The English mountain guns, entangled in the difficult ground on the left of the lost heights, were saved with the utmost difficulty by the vigorous exertions of the officers and gunners. In their greatest need a gallant field-officer of the Legion, who had once himself served with

honour in the ranks of the British artillery, collected a handful of men, and made a front that covered their retreat. At length the assailants, scattered and exhausted by the rapidity of the advance, relaxed in some measure the vigour of their attack. A body of a Scottish regiment and of the rifles still held together, and disputed with steady pertinacity the rear left flank of the position, now forced back almost upon the main road.

The considerable body of Carlist infantry, noticed as having left the town of Hernani to attack the extreme right of our position, soon after the arrival of the reinforcements, had carried all before them. The Spanish troops, and a handful of the Legion, opposed to their advance, had yielded to the first pressure, scarcely rebuking the enemy's skirmishers by a few random shots. They then fell back upon the main road, and in sullen indifference rather than panic, moved towards the shelter of the lines, crowding the route with their disorganised and unmanageable masses. Some sat down coolly to cook their

dinners, others fired their muskets in the air, and quietly dispersed to seek some more agreeable neighbourhood. The Carlists, astonished at their own success, advanced rather cautiously, forming their columns in the thick woods at the bottom of the slope of the Oriamendi hill, a little to the right of the main road. Their object was to gain the highway, and cut off the retreat of the guns and waggons into the lines. There appeared to be no obstacle, for at this time not a battalion of the Anglo-Christino army could be brought into action on that part of the field. The reward of success would probably be the capture of a large portion of the artillery and baggage, and of half the discomfited fugitives.

But it was ordained by the God of Battles that the waves of war should flow no further. Behind the motley mass of the broken army there lay in reserve one weak battalion of five hundred men. They had remained in repose during the whole eventful day. Not a musket had they fired, not a bayonet had its dainty brightness tarnished by the smoke of the battle.

Their trim red coats, smart white belts, and well-brushed shakos, would have done credit to a holiday parade. Their officers stood each in his proper place, attending to the ranks with close but unfamiliar interest. At the head of the column a noble looking old man sat on horseback, whose bright bold eye and open brow seemed to deny the years that had blanched his hair, and bent his form. A trumpeter stood near him, quietly awaiting orders. The steady regularity and discipline of this little force gave an idea of confidence and latent power, the more striking from the contrast with the noisy and disorderly throng upon the line of retreat.

An officer with one arm, in naval uniform, mounted on a pony, rides up to the white-haired colonel, and a few words are interchanged. Their short conference is watched with anxious interest by the soldiers, for he who addresses their chief is the commodore of the fleet, to whose wise and vigorous mind is entrusted the direction of the English royal forces : the small but formidable battalion awaiting his

commands are of those "trained warriors of the deep," who, in shipwreck, in the midst of mutiny, or on the battle-field, have never yet been found to fail in duty, loyalty, and valour. And since the desperate strife of Bunker's Hill, no fairer laurels have been won by the British Marines than on that sixteenth day of March, upon the Oriamendi heights.

After a few moments' conversation with the commodore, the colonel orders the trumpeter to sound the call to attention. The ranks are completed and closed in with quick precision. They are ordered to "advance" by sections; with a steady step they move off towards the road, the two mounted chiefs in front. When the leaders reach the broad gap opening from the field into the highway, they turn their horses' heads towards the enemy, and quietly making their way through the fugitive throng, ride to the front. The Marines follow in compact order, keeping time and distance, looking neither to the right nor to the left, as they press up the road forcing the retiring crowd from off their path.

Where the high-road from San Sebastian crosses the Oriamendi range, a steep conical hill stands to the left, to the right there is a sort of shoulder of the height from whence a gradual slope of open ground descends into the valley of Hernani. The Marines filed off the highway, and formed line upon this shoulder; their left upon the road protected by the conical hill—their right flank thrown back to keep the crest of the elevation, six guns of the British Royal and Marine Artillery strengthened this position. At the bottom of the slope, whose summit was thus occupied, the whole of the left wing of the Carlist army was formed under shelter of the woods.

The enemy, having got his force in hand again, prepared at once for the decisive movement upon the main road. Three formidable columns, issuing simultaneously from the wood by different pathways, moved up the slope with much steadiness and determination. No skirmishers impeded their advance, no straggling shots checked them on the hill side; they reach the brow without one gap in their ranks,

—but there the long even line of red coats meets their view. With an instinct of the latent power opposed to them, they already hesitate, and, in attempting to deploy, become somewhat embarrassed.

At this critical moment the venerable chief of the British Marines gives the order to open fire. Then from right to left of each company of his magnificent battalion runs the flash of death. The bright shakos and trim red-coats are in an instant shrouded from view by a cloud of smoke, but a crashing continuous roar, like the rattle of a thousand drums, strikes upon the ears of the assailants, and tells them they are now matched against such a foe as they have never met before. The heads of their formations are swept away as if by a besom of destruction,—no living men can stand against that storm; they break and fly down the hill, while the guns pour a destructive salvo into their disordered masses. When they reach the wood they reassemble their shattered power under the shelter of some solidly built cottages; and, ashamed of

their rebuke by so small a force, prepare again to face the hill.

After the repulse of the enemy, the British line advanced a few paces from the high crest they had then occupied down to the head of the slope, and from this new position swept the open ground, and the different outlets from the wood. Again and again the heads of the Carlist columns appeared from behind the cottages, and strove to make way against the storm, and again and again were they driven back with heavy loss. Some of their officers, shouting to their men to follow them, won their way half up the hill, but death soon chilled their fiery ardour. And still, till not a foe remained alive in sight, rolled on that steady peal of musketry, terrible in its monotonous regularity: with every now and then the roar of the great guns above, and the bursting and crashing of the shells among the trees below. The left wing of the Carlist force was completely paralysed by this rude encounter, and soon withdrew altogether under the shelter of the wood.

When, after some time, there appeared no probability of a renewed attempt upon the main road, the Marines and artillery moved off with the quiet regularity of their advance, altogether unmolested by the enemy. In the evening they were marched into San Sebastian by the request of the authorities of the town, as much for a protection against our own defeated and disorganized army, as a security in the presence of the victorious enemy.

On the left of our position among the woods and ravines, the strife continued till nightfall between small scattered parties of the contending forces, but without any further result. By that time the whole of the discomfited Christino army had found the shelter of the lines, and the Carlist troops, wearied, exhausted, and disjointed, were well contented to remain in quiet possession of the battle-field of the last two days.

It cannot be denied that the Carlists fought right bravely in this brief campaign for "their altars, their homes, and their King." While inferior in numbers, they had held every yard

of vantage-ground with desperate tenacity, and under a disheartening and ruinous sacrifice of life. Day after day they had endured with patient valour the chastisement of an admirable artillery. The blazing rocket and terrible Shrapnell shot had ploughed gaps in their battalions, and desolated many a Biscayan home. But this high military virtue was stained in the hour of their success by a tiger-like ferocity. The wounded of the Legion, who had the evil fate to remain in the various cottages upon the battle-field, incapable of being removed, were murdered every one; not a man of British birth that fell into their hands was left alive that night.

There was great alarm the following day lest the enemy should pursue their success and assail the lines, while our troops were still disorganized, and scarcely capable of offering any vigorous resistance. Everything that prudence could suggest was done by the superior officers to meet the expected danger, but to our great surprise, no steps whatever were taken to disturb us. I have since been informed by a

distinguished Carlist officer that they were, if possible, in greater alarm than ourselves: the combat of the 16th of March had completely exhausted their ammunition, and in case that even a single brigade had been brought against them, they must have abandoned the positions they had so bravely and successfully defended.

The excitement of that day was more than my weakened frame could bear; a violent fever attacked me, my pulse boiled, my brain whirled, horrible visions of torture, despair, and death, haunted my waking thoughts, and drove away all prospect of repose. Then, as the fury of the disease exhausted itself, a deep depression fell upon me, and the torpor of typhus paralysed my mind and strength. Oh! the leaden hours, how they crept along! In the weary day, while I longed for night, I almost fancied that the sun stood still in the heavens as in that great day of old, and in the weary night it seemed as if the darkness was that which may never know a dawn. And so I lay for weeks wasting away,

sinking slowly, till I had hardly strength to raise an inquiring eye, when each morning the doctor paid me his hurried visit: for an hour or two in the forenoon I had usually intervals of painful consciousness, but the shadows of insensibility soon fell upon my mind again, and left me darker than before.

One morning when the doctor visited me I was found so exhausted as to be incapable of even raising my eyelids or uttering a word in answer to his questions. A slight flutter of the pulse was the only sign of life perceptible in my wasted form. But my brain was clear, so clear that I was keenly conscious of all that passed around me. I felt the hopeless manner in which my emaciated wrist was laid down when the faint and uncertain throb of the life-blood seemed subsiding into stillness. I heard my attendants leave the room and close the door behind them, and though at the far side of an adjoining chamber they spoke but in whispers, each word fell upon my ear with terrible distinctness.—“He cannot last more than a few hours: there is nothing more to be

done. Should he express a wish for anything, let him have it; it matters nothing now." So spoke the doctor, and then hurried off to some other sufferer's bed-side.

My poor servant had attended me with kind and careful interest during my illness, and heard, sorrowfully, the ominous words just spoken. He came softly into my room and resumed his silent watch. I moved my lips by a great effort, but could not articulate. He came closer, and bent down his ear. At length I faintly muttered "Wine." He started up, and speedily returned with a flask and poured a few drops down my throat; they raised my failing strength like an elixir, and from that hour I mended rapidly.

Meanwhile great events in the history of the war had taken place. Upwards of twenty thousand Christiano troops had arrived by sea at San Sebastian, headed by Espartero, the conqueror at Bilbao and the future Regent of Spain. The Carlists, unable to resist the great force now assembled, had abandoned the lines in our front, after some smart skirmishes, and

marched with nearly all their available power towards the interior. A few battalions were left in Hernani, Irun, and Fontarabia ; these were speedily overcome, and most of them slain or captured. The middle of May saw the long-contested French road in our possession, and the towns through which it passed garrisoned by Christino troops. The Legion, reorganised after their terrible losses in the month of March, had behaved with gallantry in these operations, and to their credit be it said, that when they stormed Irun, after a sharp and exasperating resistance, the numerous prisoners that fell into their hands were treated with humanity and manly forbearance. Among the captives was the former governor of Hernani ; he had himself commanded and presided at the execution, or rather murder, of the six ill-fated Scottish soldiers who had two months before fallen, unarmed, into the merciless hands of those now treated with mercy by their generous enemies.

One lovely forenoon in May I wandered slowly and feebly beyond the walls of San

Sebastian, supported by a crutch, to breathe the fresh sea-breeze and gladden my eyes by the light of the blue dancing waves that broke in foam upon the shore. This was the first day I had ventured so far abroad : the joy of liberty, the beauty of the scene, the delicious sensations of returning health, filled me with gratitude and happiness. But soon an unusual sight fixed my attention with a painful interest ; I saw some men engaged in erecting a post of new unpainted wood in the sand close by the sea ; and at the same time various bodies of troops appeared among the sand-hills moving slowly towards the shore. “ For what are these preparations ? ” I asked of a bystander. “ Only an execution,” he answered ; “ there has been a mutiny in the regiment of Jaen, and they are going to shoot one of the grenadiers, the ringleader : he upbraided his officer with cowardice on the 15th of March, and, after some words, struck him to the earth. Those Andaluzes have hot blood, señor.”

The troops as they arrived formed three

sides of a square ; the open space with the grim white post in the centre upon the sea-shore. They were detachments from all the different regiments in this division of the army, that each corps might have witnesses to the stern lesson about to be taught. A wide-spread spirit of discontent and insubordination prevailed among the Spanish troops at this period, and soon afterwards broke out into dangerous violence : in several different places at the same time the soldiers, led by their sergeants, rose in mutiny, shot their generals, and appointed leaders of their own, who in turn suffered military execution at the hands of Espartero.

Lest that any opposition should be offered by the Spanish troops to the carrying out the sentence on this day, a considerable force of the Legion were in readiness near at hand, and the artillery occupied a convenient position in the neighbouring sand-hills. The swarthy features of the Spanish soldiers wore an expression of sullen discontent, that fear and mutual distrust alone prevented from breaking out in open violence. Ill-clothed, ill-paid, and treated with injustice

and unnecessary severity by their officers and by the government, while extraordinary exertions and duties were enforced upon them, they were only kept together by the terrors of military executions. But on each recurring occasion of punishment the cord of restraint was stretched more dangerously than the last, and the wiser among the chiefs guarded as they best could against the threatened explosion.

When the troops were formed, facing inwards, with their bayonets fixed, the regiment to which the convict belonged approached in funeral procession; the empty coffin, the firing party, the prisoner supported by two priests, the soldiers of his own company, then the remainder of the battalion in long array. They filed slowly through an opening in the square, and formed in close ranks in front of the side facing the fatal post. The colonel then advanced into the centre of the open space, and in a distinct voice read aloud the sentence of death. As he concluded a groan burst from the motionless ranks.

I approached as near as I could to this scene of painful interest, and strove to catch a glimpse of the prisoner's face. His back was turned towards me while he heard his doom, but his erect and stately carriage showed that he did not flinch. He turned to address his regiment, and I saw, to my horror, that the condemned man was the Andaluz who had guided my failing steps on the night of the 15th of March. His face was white as chalk, large drops of agony stood upon his temples, the hair was flung wildly back from off his brow, his blue lips were compressed firmly together, his cheeks were parched and livid, and his sunken eyes burnt with a fiery brilliance. But his glance was still proud and defiant, and when he spoke, his voice, though hollow, was firm, distinct, and commanding.

“Comrades,” said he, “I am a murdered man—murdered by a foul and unjust sentence. I never feared to fall in battle like a Spaniard, but now I am to die like a dog. As for that robber officer, the vile coward who maddened me by insult, and then swore away my life,

may the —” “Seize him, bind him at once,” cried the colonel, “he will raise a mutiny.” Five or six provost sergeants stepped forward and laid hands upon him ; he struggled violently, shouting all the time, “Comrades, if ye be men, strike down these tyrants.” There was a moment of awful doubt ; many a breast in those motionless ranks burned with fiercest indignation. Had one, bolder than the rest, stirred a step, — had one link been loosened in that iron chain of discipline, the officers would have fallen in an instant pierced with a hundred bayonets. But soon a loud clangor of trumpets and drums drowned the dangerous voice, and overpowered by the myrmidons of the law, the convict was borne to the fatal post. I alas ! knew how impotent I was to save, but, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, rushed towards the colonel, crying, “Mercy ! mercy !” The soldiers thrust me rudely back, from the square, and my feeble voice was lost in the din.

When the Andaluz saw that the time of hope was past he suddenly ceased to struggle, and

became calm. "Loose my hands," said he ; " I am now ready to die."

They wished to bandage his eyes, but he motioned them away, walked firmly to the post, and facing round, looked steadily upon the preparations for his death. The open coffin was behind him ; in front, twelve grenadiers of his own company were ranged in three open lines, with their heads bent down, leaning on their reversed muskets, a provost sergeant with a pistol in his hand stood a few paces from him, the two priests were by his side, rapidly repeating Latin prayers, which seemed indeed to fall upon a listless ear.

The word "Ready" is given ; the priests hasten away, and the doomed man is left alone. He folds his arms firmly across his breast, draws up his noble form to its full height, and with unfaltering gaze looks straight before him. "Viva España !" he shouts, as the muskets are raised and levelled at his head. There is a moment's pause for the fatal word. I never may forget that awful picture. I see it now ; I see the tall strong man erect and firm, every

muscle in his powerful frame strained to fullest tension — the close-pressed lip — the flashing eye ! the red blood racing through his veins, each nerve quivering in intensest life. Hark ! the signal ! Then a sharp rattling volley ! Like the falling folds of a light scarf, softly, silently, the glorious form in God's image sinks into a heap of clay.

EVENING THE FIFTH.

AMONG the various elements composing our little social state on board ship a lawyer was not wanting. However highly gentlemen of this profession may value their own opinions on purely legal points, and impress that appreciation on their clients in the shape of bills of costs, they cannot be generally accused of backwardness in bestowing advice, and criticism gratuitously, on the various subjects suggested by the conduct and conversation of their friends.

Our legal fellow-passenger had kept his professional acumen in employment during the voyage by a critical cross-examination of the narrators upon their statements, and as the records of memory — dusty from the lapse of time — are not often so accurate in their dates and particulars as a deed of settlement, he

occasionally succeeded in shaking the temper of the witness, if not the value of the evidence. He had doubted "The Miner," shaken his head at "Henry Meynell," and pooh-poo'd the poor little surgeon to such an extent, that the worthy sponsors for those adventures entertained sentiments towards him little short of positive hostility. The obvious means of dealing with this enemy under the circumstances, was to place him on the defensive, insisting that he should commit himself by the relation of such events and observations in his life as might be worthy of notice. He first informed us, that he had crossed the seas as law-agent for a large speculative company, and was now on his return to England, having fulfilled his mission. Then seating himself in a coil of ropes, and drawing one long, preparatory puff from a cigar, he held forth as follows.

THE BROTHERS.

I MUST go back many, many years to begin my story, when the brothers were five and four

years old. They were the only children of Sir Francis Wyvil, Knight of the Bath, and major-general in the army : Frank and Ernest their respective names. Lady Wyvil was still a pretty woman, some twenty years younger than her husband ; her marriage had not taken place till rather late in life.

The birthday of the younger brother was early in December : it had been always a custom in the household to celebrate such an event by permitting the children to dine with their parents, and remain in the drawing-room to a much later hour than usual. On the night of this particular milestone of Ernest's life there was a heavy fall of snow ; a gale of wind blew at the same time, and large white drifts blocked up the doors and windows at the exposed side of the house ; the neighbouring trees tossed their leafless branches about in the darkness, moaning and groaning drearily ; the weather-vane creaked, the windows rattled, the chimney tops and gable ends growled in the blast ; in short, all that was heard and all that could be seen out of doors, was about as dismal as the

season could make it, and the powers of an English December in that matter are tolerably extensive.

But within, what a contrast ! A huge wood fire blazed on the hearth, crackling cheerily ; the bright red flame threw a warm flickering beam that held its own in spite of the goodly array of lights, to the furthest nook of the room ; a rich carpet of pleasant colours covered the floor ; a stratum of ponderous folios with handsome old bindings was ranged round the room, next came a row of glass cases full of rare birds, and animals skilfully stuffed, with quaint old coins and shells, and geological wonders ; over these were many rows of neat books trimly arranged, leaving but just sufficient room above for some ancestral shepherds and shepherdesses, whose gilt frames nearly touched the ceiling. The paper and curtains were of deep crimson, with handsome gold ornaments, both somewhat mellowed by age. A high-backed oak arm-chair was at each side of the fire ; that to the right hand had a little table close by with a pair of lights,

and a gout-stool before it upon the handsome hearth-rug. Having now sketched the library and its furniture, it becomes advisable to say something of its inhabitants.

Sir Francis Wyvil sat in one arm-chair with his right foot upon the gout-stool; a newspaper was on his knee, but I must decline naming it, for the worthy Knight had fallen fast asleep over its columns; his head was resting against the back of the chair, his eyes shut, and his mouth open; his right hand was thrust through his waistcoat into his bosom, his left secured the soporific journal in an inverted position. The General had been a very handsome man, tall, erect, and well proportioned; but years, variety of climates and gout, had dimmed his eye, whitened his head, bent his stately figure, and pinched his fine Roman nose into a beak; a certain stern and severe expression had become habitual to him, unrelaxed even on this occasion by the delights of an after-dinner nap.

His gentle wife occupied the other arm-chair. Her eyes were fixed on the blazing

logs, watching the flickering flame that threw a pleasant glow over her somewhat pallid face. It has been said that when people are in deep thought, they look down if dwelling on the past ; up, if scanning the future. Lady Wyvil had most things that women prize—an honourable and respected husband—children of fair promise—ample means, and a good position in the world, but still she looked down—down upon the blazing log that burnt on the very hearthstone. To be sure there was some confused story, years and years ago, of an angry father, and a presumptuous curate who had since become an honoured peer of the church. But whatever the past may have been, in the present, which was of more consequence, she was a devoted self-sacrificing wife, and a fondly affectionate mother. Her dress was of almost quakerish simplicity ; the bands of her dark brown hair that appeared in front of a close cap, were slightly silvered over, but her figure still retained much of the grace and elasticity of youth. Being naturally of a soft and yielding temperament, she had always submitted

herself to the stronger will of her husband; her constant study and effort were to remove, and guard against, anything likely to ruffle his somewhat hasty temper, but though her quick sympathies enabled her generally to succeed in this, sometimes he would discover that things of a vexatious nature had been concealed from him, and then his irritation increased tenfold.

Frank, the eldest boy, was marching about the room carrying a ruler on his shoulder, in the fashion of a musket; he chanted at the same time an extempore war song of his own, but in a low voice, and with a furtive glance thrown over every now and then upon his sleeping father. He was a very handsome child, with a fair Saxon cheek, curling brown hair, and a large blue eye, bright and fearless. His little face was full of life, fun, and I may add, of mischief, and his ruddy complexion, and stout fat legs and arms made him the very image of infant health. His brother Ernest sat on a stool near the fire, gravely admiring a gaudy picture of the animals leaving the Ark; the likeness to his brother was strong, but the younger child

had rather a heavier head, and altogether a less animated and attractive cast of countenance than the elder.

On the hearth-rug, at a comfortable distance from the fire, lay a wiry Scotch terrier, curled up into the most luxurious position, opening his sharp eyes every now and then with a winking glance at what was passing in the room about him, particularly at the movements of a large cat, his rival and deadly foe. This last animal was one of the strangest of the feline race, shaped something like a kangaroo, with long hind legs and back; its fur was short and thick, of a dark slate colour, its eyes very large and yellow, and to complete the oddity of its appearance, its ears and tail had been cropped quite close. The creature was as singular in habits as in form—wild and unsocial, hating strangers and mistrusting friends; it seldom was still, but kept prowling round the corners of the room on tip-toe, twitching the stump of its tail, and searching keenly into nooks and crevices. When it rested for a time, it would choose the edge of a table, the back of a chair, or some other

such inconvenient situation, as no cat had ever fixed upon before. Sir Francis had brought this queer animal from Portugal a long time ago ; it had now arrived at a great age, as an especial favourite with the knight, and, consequently, with Lady Wyvil, but was the horror of all the rest of the household, the children included.

Seeing that his father was fast asleep, and his mother in one of her deep reveries, a sudden thought struck Frank, and interrupted his martial demonstrations. He laid aside the ruler, and by a cleverly contrived surprise pounced upon the agile cat, then carrying it over to the rug, in spite of violent struggles, threw it upon its sleeping enemy. The terrier started up with a bark of rage and fright, every tooth bare, and every hair on end, and presented his broadside to the assailant. The cat, equally terrified, stood parallel to him, its back bent into a perfect hoop, the stumpy tail twitching convulsively, its eyes like two live coals, and a horrible howl proceeding from its open mouth. This state of things could

not last long, the terrier's anger overcame his fears ; he made a sidelong bound at his enemy, upsetting poor little Ernest upon his father's gouty foot. Sir Francis, roused by the acute pain, awoke in a towering passion, just in time to see the dog and cat, by a series of parallel springs, jump back through the plate-glass, with a tremendous crash, among the choicest specimens of tropical birds ; there a brief but violent struggle took place between the enraged combatants, to the utter destruction of the much-prized curiosities.

The knight seized upon Ernest, as the immediate cause of his suffering, and vented his rage upon him. He shook the terrified child by the shoulders till he was more dead than alive. "How dared you, sir, do all this mischief?" he cried : "I have told you over and over again that you must never touch that cat ; go to bed instantly, and let me see no more of you till I hear you are a better boy ! " Ernest sobbed out a denial of his guilt. Lady Wyvil said gently that it was not his fault, and even Frank, though dreadfully frightened

at the consequences of his tricks, and at his father's anger, honestly came out of a corner to take the blame: but it was all of no use, Sir Francis was never in the wrong. So the little Ernest was hurried out of the room, glad indeed to escape, and be permitted to sob without interruption in his nurse's arms.

At a later hour Lady Wyvil accompanied the more favoured child upstairs; she found Ernest still awake, his grave little face flushed and dewy, and his eyes red and swollen. She had hardly ventured to interpose while her husband's anger was being vented on this innocent object, but now she tried to console the child, and promised that it should be forgiven on the morrow for the unconscious offence. It grieved her very much to suffer this injustice, but she scarcely dared to acknowledge to herself how her stern husband was in fault. Ernest was soon soothed by his mother's tenderness, and though some vague notion of being wicked, but not knowing how, saddened his mind, there was a patient and not uncheerful smile upon his face. He knelt

down, with his tiny hands clasped together, and still moistened eyes upraised, following Lady Wyvil with his tender voice, he prayed that his Father which is in Heaven, might send blessings on his earthly father; then he laid down and slept sweetly.

Thus ended Ernest's birthday, and thus began the story of his life. He had learned the first hard lesson of the world's wrongs—of his own patience and forgiveness. Many another trial was in store; as he advanced from childhood, his quick sensibilities taught him that he was but little loved. He never could do right, though he tried hard—Frank never could do wrong. Ernest certainly learned more slowly and laboriously than his elder brother, and was by no means so smart or lively. Sir Francis thought him a dull boy, and did not hesitate to tell him so, even before strangers; the child, therefore, became very shy, and was quite content to remain in the background. But the noble nature of the little being turned each trial into a blessing—each childish tear into a priceless gem. His character was strengthened,

not hardened, through the ordeal. The coldness of his parents only made him labour yet the more to win their love; the admiration and fondness lavished upon Frank only made him dearer and more precious to Ernest. Not a thought of jealousy ever dimmed the purity of his affection—not a feeling of resentment was ever aroused by the unjust reproofs or punishments of his father. When severely chidden, as too often occurred, and frowned upon without a reason, he would anxiously search his memory for anything said or done that might supply a cause, determining to amend his fault; when he could find none, he bore the chiding with a holy patience, and with undiminished love.

Frank grew up somewhat spoiled and wayward; his good qualities displaying themselves in extravagant luxuriance. High-spirited, brave, and generous, he was also thoughtless, rash, and inconsiderate. Never thwarted, or even restrained, in any whim or inclination, he often forgot the wishes or interests of others in his own gratification, and yet at the same time

his highest gratification was in giving lavishly all he possessed to those he loved. He was ardently attached to his brother, and would always take his part even before their stern father, but at the same time he was constantly entangling Ernest in troubles that a moment's reflection would have enabled him to avoid. The scene of the dog and cat, in some shape or other, was enacted almost every day—Frank always the cause—Ernest the victim of the mischief.

The events of early days are seldom very remarkable or interesting, so I shall pass over those of many years, with the exception of one that had some influence on the after-life of the brothers, and marked strongly the characteristics of each. When they were about thirteen and twelve years old, they were one day playing at battledore and shuttlecock in a large building in the farm-yard. A loose box had been constructed at one end of the house, where Sir Francis kept a favourite old black horse, remarkable for dangerous vice in the stable. To avoid going near this animal was

one of the standing orders of the household. In the course of the game Frank, by an over-vigorous blow, struck the shuttlecock over the partition into the loose box: it fell at the black horse's feet, and aroused its direst indignation. No groom happened to be at hand at the moment—the play was at a stand-still. “It was my fault,” said Frank, “so I must get it out again,” and he straightway made for the forbidden stall, utterly unmindful of the warnings and entreaties of his brother. He opened the door, walked fearlessly in, and stooped to pick up the toy. The infuriated horse rushed at him like a tiger, seized him, by the collar of his coat fortunately, with its teeth, and shook him viciously. Ernest had hastened to stop his brother, but was only in time to see the imminent danger. Without a moment's hesitation he seized a stick that lay at hand and struck the angry animal on the head, at the same time calling loudly for help. The horse, frightened at this bold attack, let go its hold of Frank, but, turning round, lashed out viciously, struck poor Ernest with

his iron heel and broke his thigh. By Frank's help he managed to get out of the stall without further injury.

The noise soon brought people to the spot, among others Sir Francis and Lady Wyvil, who chanced to pass at the time. They found Ernest lying on the ground, his white trowsers covered with blood, the maimed limb lying powerless, with his little foot twisted on one side. He must have been suffering intense pain, for cold drops stood upon his pale face. His arm was round Frank's neck, who sobbed and wept bitterly; and, heedless of his own suffering, Ernest looked into the tearful eyes of the loved brother he had saved with a smile of calm and happy triumph.

Even Sir Francis was touched at the scene, and condescended to express his approbation to Ernest for having preserved his brother's valuable life. The wounded child was attended to, when, after a careful examination, the medical man had pronounced Frank uninjured. The hurt turned out more serious than had been at first supposed, and in spite of

surgical skill, when the bone united, the broken leg was shorter than the other. Frank had been inconsolable for the first few hours of his brother's suffering, rather impeding the attendants with efforts to be useful; but the evening was charming; he had also lately got a new pony: these temptations were not to be resisted, and in a little time he was galloping about in the park, altogether forgetful of poor Ernest and his broken leg. When, at length, the patient began to recover, Frank not a little retarded the cure by inconsiderately urging him to exert himself, and at times was quite angry because he could not join in their usual amusements.

Time rolled on, and year by year the different characters of the brothers were more fully developed. Frank grew up handsome, brilliant, accomplished, and witty; but favoured and spoilt as he had ever been, each whim indulged, each fancy gratified, he was impatient of the slightest restraint or inconvenience, and although inconsiderately generous, he became absolutely incapable of sacrificing his

own enjoyments for the gratification of others. He made his lame brother a present of the pony, but the first day the hounds came into the park, mounted it himself, and rode it all day long.

Ernest laboured patiently at his studies ; the surface of his acquirements was far inferior to that of Frank, but whatever he undertook he mastered thoroughly ; gifted with strong sense and ability, aided by energetic industry, his thoughtful mind was well stored with useful practical information. He became a keen and close observer of men and things ; perhaps the more, that in social intercourse he was always eclipsed and unnoticed in the presence of his brilliant brother, and had, therefore, the better opportunity for observation. The great pillars of Ernest's character were TRUTH and JUSTICE—a truth beyond the hating of a lie—a justice beyond the loving of the law. Whatever it might be—in right or wrong—in joy or sorrow—with the strong or weak—in the deepest interest or the lightest fancy, his word, and thought, and deed, were purest—simplest truth.

The brothers are sent to Oxford; Frank, a gentleman commoner at Christchurch, with a stable of hunters; Ernest has won a scholarship at a small college, and labours patiently. The brothers' pursuits are so different that they now see little of each other, but their affection is undiminished. Frank tries to drag Ernest from his gloomy rooms into such pleasures as the University affords, and tempts him with his hunters and tandem,—but in vain. Ernest had fixed his strong will upon success, and thrown aside the idle but attractive allurements that surrounded him, as the prow of the good ship dashes through the phosphorescent brilliance of a northern sea. He was destined for the bar, and had received plentiful warnings that he must depend upon his own exertions. The farms among the green hills of Somerset, and the broad park, and the time-honoured manor-house, were to fall, of course, to Frank, the firstborn and best beloved.

Frank took his degree without honours, but with the reputation of great talent. Ernest was a first class man, yet among his companions

was only regarded as a successful bookworm, and far inferior in natural ability to his brilliant brother. His college allowance had been limited; by a strict economy, however, he contracted no debts, and yet possessed the means of aiding others. Not unfrequently he ministered to the temporary necessities of his extravagant brother. Frank was most liberally supplied with money, but was always in difficulties. He gave presents, and entertained with profuse liberality, and yet could seldom meet the just demands preferred against him. When he presented himself at home as a Bachelor of Arts, an almost unheard-of amount of bills informed his father of the cost of this acquirement.

Sir Francis had much difficulty in meeting these large expenses; he had inherited the estate from a childless elder brother, who had left it somewhat embarrassed; his own personal incumbrances, while in expectation of the property, were also considerable, and he had thought it due to the dignity of the family to keep up the same scale of expenditure as

had been the custom while with undiminished resources. The property was entailed, but his eldest son being now of age had the power of joining him, and thus giving the means of raising a large sum in mortgage. Frank, fondly attached to his father, pushed by his own immediate difficulties, and utterly indifferent as to the future, did not hesitate a moment in signing the necessary deeds; money was readily obtained, the manor-house was painted and newly furnished, the stud replenished, and Frank embarked in a handsome yacht for the Mediterranean.

About a mile from Wyvil Manor there was a country town of some importance. One of its principal inhabitants was a wealthy attorney, named Stamford; he was also a banker, and though, from his somewhat keen habits of business, and gloomy and unsocial character, by no means popular in the neighbourhood, he was, nevertheless, looked upon as a person of great respectability, and his firm held in high estimation. This man appeared to exercise a strange influence over the usually unmanage-

able General. Sir Francis had been largely indebted to him, and had paid dearly in the shape of enormous interest for the accommodation granted before the entail was broken. Careless of his affairs, as he had been, and indifferent to the sacrifice which obtaining present assistance might cost, he was positively astounded when Stamford placed before him the total of his liabilities, with the deeds for mortgage for the amount. There was, however, no help for it; the documents were signed, and the property involved for more than half its value.

The general's vanity could not bear that these altered circumstances should be known in the neighbourhood; he even concealed the extent of his embarrassments from his wife and children, and lest that a suspicion of them should get abroad, he rather increased than diminished his hospitalities and expenditure. Frank, too, abundantly supplied with money, plunged into every sort of extravagance; this state of things could not last long, as the securities diminished. Stamford, still the

source of supply, increased his exactions. In a couple of years Sir Francis Wyvil's affairs were in irremediable confusion, but appearances were still kept up. One night, as he sat asleep as usual in the great arm-chair, in the library, Lady Wyvil was startled by his suddenly attempting to rise; he stood up for a moment, then fell back to his former position; his jaw dropped, his eyes became fixed, and he remained motionless. His spirit had passed away.

In a very short time the brothers reached the house of death, and found their mother in a state of dangerous illness from the shock she had just received. Her feeble constitution proved incapable of rallying from the blow; she grew daily weaker, and it was soon evident that her husband had gone before her but for a little season. The proceedings consequent upon Sir Francis' decease had betrayed the desperate state of the family affairs. The dying mother dwelt with terror on the prospects of her children, knowing but too well the careless improvidence of Frank, and his unfitness to

bear up against his broken fortunes. When her end drew nigh she called the brothers to her bedside to bless them with a parting blessing. Her firstborn, the child of her anxieties and love, was uppermost in her thoughts, her failing sight dwelt upon his face, her faint voice mingled his name with prayer. Just before she died she took Ernest's hand and placed it on that of his brother. Her wasted features assumed an expression of intense earnestness, her words a distinct and energetic utterance. "Ernest," she said, "you are wise and good, watch over Frank, save him from ruin. Save my darling boy and God will bless you as I bless you now." And she was silent. Her pale face again settled into calmness, her eye became dimmer, the beloved objects around grew confused and indistinct as in a twilight, and as the moments rolled on the twilight deepened into darkness,—the darkness of the night that has no morning.

Frank was wild with grief; the double blow nearly smote down his reason,—he wept and shrieked, and tore his hair, refusing all consola-

tion. For two or three days he was a cause of the greatest anxiety to his brother and attendants; they never ventured to leave him alone,—he denied himself all sleep and sustenance. When his brother gently urged him to be tranquil, he would say, “ You cannot feel as I do.” Then Ernest’s pale face would grow paler, but he would not answer by a word. The answer was in the depths of his own deep heart.

Frank fell ill; he was feverish for three or four days, then began to amend a little, and at length rallied very much. In a fortnight he was quite restored—somewhat tranquillised in mind too. In a month it might have been almost said that he was cheerful again. His horses and dogs resumed their interest for him. When any chance word or accidental circumstance recalled the memory of the dead, for a moment he testified violent emotion, but these thunder-storms served but to clear the air, and the flashes of his volatile character shone the brighter through such quickly scattered clouds.

Frank was twenty-five years of age at the time of his parents' death. Up to this period he had lived in a constant pursuit of pleasure. Hunting, yachting, the Highland moors, the London season, each in their turn absorbed all his ^{*}energies. Brilliant in appearance and wit, well born and well bred, he was everywhere a popular guest. Few men had such an extensive acquaintance, none were more sought after. But he rarely or never allowed himself time to ripen an acquaintance into a friend. The love of excitement and variety grew stronger every day, and like the opium-eater or dram-drinker, he was constantly obliged to increase the stimulant for its gratification. He could not tolerate the consideration of a disagreeable subject. When letters arrived praying for payment, or otherwise connected with his embarrassed affairs, he would often throw them aside unread ; and when at length pressed by some necessity that could not be deferred, he signed anything that was put before him. Stamford was always at hand to take advantage of this fatal weakness of character, and soon

contrived to weave an inextricable web of difficulties about the thoughtless heir. Frank was so much afraid of being the cause of unhappiness to his brother, that he carefully concealed from him the extent of these embarrassments; sometimes even to the direct sacrifice of truth. He dreaded Ernest's calm quiet remonstrances.

A portion of Lady Wyvil's fortune, about 6000*l.*, had been settled upon her second son, and thus escaped the needy hands of Sir Francis. Ernest, now a barrister in London, on receiving this sum purchased small chambers in a narrow street near Temple Bar, and devoted himself to his profession with patient industry.

In a very short time Stamford put in claims against Frank's property, now of such an amount that there was no alternative but to sell nearly the whole estate. This was done as privately as possible, and therefore at a great loss. The wily creditor became the purchaser. As the house and park had been retained, though still burthened with a mortgage, it was

some time before the sale of the ancestral lands reached Ernest's ears.

On hearing these sad tidings he hastened to seek his brother, who was then in London. They had not met for some time; indeed, Frank had rather shunned a meeting, lest he might have to enter into painful explanations, and he now coloured deeply as Ernest entered the room.

"I come to speak of the future, not of the past, dear Frank," said the younger brother. "We may yet win back what we have lost. Let us face the worst. Confide in me. Do not fear to make me unhappy by knowing of your difficulties; nothing but doubt has any terror for me. We are now alone in the world: together we stand or fall."

Frank had been so long in the habit of shutting his own eyes to his difficulties, and concealing them from others, that even this appeal failed. He could not bring himself to lay bare the truth in all its dreary certainty before his brother.

"Don't fear, Ernest," answered he. "It is

true that we are no longer rich, but now we start afresh in life, and careful thrift will set us right again. • We have still the old house and park, and village, and are no longer pressed with debt. Trust me that I will never forfeit what is left.”

The brothers agreed to go home together, to make the best arrangements possible with the remnant of the inheritance, to break up the establishment, and replace it on a scale suited to Frank's present fortunes. He was full of good intentions and plans of economy while on the journey; he spoke of living in a single room, selling his horses, guns, and dogs, and devoting himself to farming the park, and to industrious money-making. When they arrived they found that the hounds met close at hand on the morrow; this was a temptation Frank could not resist.

“One day will not matter,” he said to Ernest, “after this I shall set to work to arrange my affairs.”

But by the covert-side he met some of his old friends; they talked of pleasures past and

pleasures to come. Frank was asked everywhere, and knew not when to deny himself. "One day will not matter," was ever his answer to the questionings of his own conscience, and to Ernest's remonstrances. His horses and servants were increased rather than diminished in number; the old manor-house was filled with guests. It almost seemed as if he endeavoured to avoid being alone with his brother, lest the painful subject of their altered fortunes should be touched upon.

But Stamford was now a constant visitor; he was ever ready to encourage Frank in his schemes of pleasure and extravagance, and as yet promptly supplied the required funds. These advances, however, were always preceded by private interviews between the young heir and his evil genius, for the signing of certain bonds and securities. Although these arrangements were kept secret from Ernest as much as possible, he could not but see that every day his beloved brother hastened more rapidly upon the road to ruin. He saw that his often-repeated warnings were vain, and that

the grasping and treacherous attorney had attained paramount influence over the intended victim. He tried one last appeal; by their boyish affection, by the sacred memory of the dead, by their future hopes, he adjured him to pause in his career, to disentangle himself from Stamford, and confide in him. "All that I have is yours, my brother," he said; "I can win my own way without it; free yourself from debt, and let us strive to save these dear old walls."

Frank was strongly moved for the moment at this generous offer; but alas! the fatal weakness of his disposition forbade him to speak the painful truth. He was indebted to Stamford more deeply than all Ernest's portion could meet; he had not the courage to tell this; he scarcely dared to think of it himself; and when the unwelcome thought crossed his mind, he would banish it by some frivolous and passing interest. He assured his brother that he was not in need, that he could clear himself from his difficulties, and on no account would he trench upon such generosity.

Ernest felt that he had now lost his last chance of gaining his brother's confidence, and with a sad heart he left the house of his fathers, and betook himself to his dark and gloomy chambers near Temple Bar.

The dreaded crisis soon came. Stamford refused any further advances, insisted upon his claims, and finally foreclosed his mortgages. Rendered desperate by his difficulties, Frank did not hesitate to appeal to his brother for assistance. He perhaps would not on any account have directly violated truth, but he wilfully blinded himself to the real state of affairs, and strove to make it appear to Ernest that a temporary loan of his small inheritance would save the wreck of the ancestral estate. The younger brother knew too well that this hope was delusive; but, accustomed as he had ever been to self-sacrifice, why should he hesitate now? Should he fail at the time of "desperate need" in any effort, however hopeless, to aid his beloved Frank, and preserve that time-honoured dwelling, where those most dear had lived and died? Could he refuse the

means which he inherited from his mother, to him who was her last thought on earth ! We may well divine how Ernest's generous heart answered such questions ; he straightway took the necessary legal steps for the transfer of his property, and handed it over to Frank. Six months afterwards the brothers were sunk in common ruin. Wyvil Manor was sold, and Stamford was the purchaser.

The new proprietor was a man of about five-and-forty. Some thirty years before he had been taken into the office of the principal solicitor in the neighbouring town, by the recommendation, and at the cost, of Sir Francis Wyvil. The youth displayed industry and ability, and attracted the favourable notice of his superiors. Firm of purpose, stern of mood, silent and unsocial, he was little loved by his companions. As he advanced in years these qualities became more strongly developed, and produced their natural results upon his "state of life ;" he became rich, and at the same time was cordially disliked by every one who had the dubious privilege of being acquainted with

him. Finally, Mr. Stamford married a daughter of the solicitor with whom he had studied, and at the old man's death succeeded to his business and a share of his property. Mrs. Stamford died soon after her father, leaving an infant son, bearing the name of Francis Wyvil. At the time of removal to the Manor he had reached the age of eighteen years.

Frank Stamford was his father's pride; pleasing in person and amiable in character, he gained goodwill wherever he went. Even the stern attorney relaxed towards his favourite child. Although unwilling to part with the youth but for a day, he had not hesitated to send him where the exigencies of a good education required. No care or cost was spared upon him; he was sent to the best schools, provided with the best instructors, and profusely supplied with the means of procuring whatever he might deem desirable for his amusement or advancement in society. Meanwhile the father laboured diligently in his dingy office, content in accumulating that fortune which his son was becoming fitted to enjoy.

Such was the party that succeeded the brothers at Wyvil Manor. Stamford chose his son's birth-day to take possession. Through his agents he had purchased almost everything in the house, from the plate and paintings down to minute articles of use or ornament. The old arm-chairs still occupied their accustomed places by the library fire-side, the ancestral shepherds and shepherdesses hung undisturbed in their gilt frames, the arms of the ancient race remained in carved stone over the porch door, and in stained-glass on the windows of the entrance hall. The victorious attorney alighted, pompously, from the carriage when it stopped at the door, and strode past the servants (who had belonged to the old establishment) into the house. He then hurried into the library, threw himself into the arm-chair, buried his face in his hands, and gave way to uncontrollable emotion.

Rarely did this stern man betray any symptoms of the feelings that worked within. When thus moved none ventured to approach him, not even his darling son.

After a time Stamford rose ; he was very

pale, his lips were firmly compressed, and big drops stood upon his forehead. He extended his hands to a portrait of Lady Wyvil, which was suspended over the mantel-piece, tore it down, and cast it rudely aside. Then from a carefully secured case which he had brought with him, he produced another female portrait of the same size as the one removed, and in a corresponding frame; this he exalted to the vacant place upon the wall. Over the other corner of the mantel-piece hung the likeness of the stately Sir Francis Wyvil. The newly-installed face was singularly handsome, but at the same time of a strange and almost forbidding aspect. The hair and complexion were dark, the large and glittering eyes were shaded deeply by long silken lashes, the lips were finely chiselled, but thin and severe, and the carriage of the head and neck was haughty and defiant. Her abundant tresses were braided in some fashion unknown in England, and robes of a rich colour and texture, and foreign form, covered her bust and shoulders. It would have been difficult to produce a stronger con-

trast than that formed by the likenesses of the gentle Lady Wyvil, and of the fierce and haughty southern beauty.

One afternoon, about a month after these events, Ernest was sitting at a window of his chambers, intently studying by the scanty light of a November day, when he was aroused by the well-known sound of Frank's footstep on the stair. He stood up and hastened joyfully to the door to meet his brother, the more joyfully, as Frank's visits were becoming rarer and with longer intervals. The little bed which Ernest had provided for his brother was now but seldom occupied, as was also the second chair at his frugal table. He knew little or nothing of Frank's mode of life; the elder brother always became irritated when questioned on the subject, and evasively talked of "influential acquaintances, and the necessity of keeping up connexion." Frank's debts, and his continued reckless extravagance, had soon consumed the small resources which the remnant of the brother's estate supplied. Their watches, and some few trinkets (once highly

prized for the giver's sake) furnished another brief respite. Finally, Ernest had raised a small sum by the mortgage of his books and furniture; this had, like all the rest, of course, been wasted by Frank under some plausible but empty plea. As long as the supply lasted he remained away.

Frank came in looking haggard and gloomy, and seated himself silently by the fire. For a time he remained wrapped up in his own thoughts, while his brother resumed the law-book; then pceevishly stirring up the few coals that smouldered in the grate, he looked up and said, in a reproachful tone, "How dark and cold this gloomy old den of yours is, Ernest! You might surely have a better fire than this to welcome me, this bitter day."

"I wish I had known you were coming, my dear brother, and I should have had the happiness of expecting you, and a bright blaze to cheer you; as to the old den, it is never gloomy while you are in it. What cheer to-day?"

"How can you talk of cheer to me, Ernest?"

you know everything goes against me; born and educated a gentleman, and now, through that jade fortune, a hunted pauper. I sometimes envy you that you do not feel these things as I do."

"I feel deeply for you, Frank, and for the loss of the old manor, but mere feeling will never put things right. We must exert ourselves; we must each labour as we best can. Our hope shall not be the less bright for being far removed."

"Plague on all hopes! the present is as dark as it can be. I cannot get the smallest supply of money for my hourly necessities, and, what is worse, I miss a certainty of making a fortune, by being unable to raise a few hundred pounds for a couple of months."

"I wish I could help you, Frank, but I have no more money."

"But you have credit. I know a man in the city who will give us 450*l.* for our joint note for 500*l.*, for a few months."

"I could not honestly sign my name for so large a sum; were anything to go wrong

with your plans, I could not pay a tithe of it."

"Oh, never mind that, we are sure to succeed; and see, these stupid old books, and this antiquated furniture, dingy as it is, will be security for some of it."

"But for this I should not have told you; everything that I possessed was mortgaged for the sum which I handed you a fortnight since."

There were many tender spots in Frank's heart; spots that were vulnerable through the joints of his strong armour of selfishness and vanity, and Ernest's words went home like a rapier to one of these. He arose, went to his brother, put an arm round his neck, grasped his hand with a warm pressure, and, through misty eyes, looked love and gratitude into Ernest's noble face. In a few moments he arose and left the room without a word. "Never," thought he, as he descended the stairs,—“Never will I forget my brother's generous self-sacrifice. I will go straight to Harply, and tell him that he and his specu-

lation may go to Jericho, for I will never press Ernest again."

"Never—never," he kept repeating to himself, as if to fortify his resolution. As he reached the street various objects broke through his train of thought, and distracted his attention. At the crossing, a sweeper touched his hat and asked charity; Frank being in a soft mood, put his hand in his pocket, but found it empty. "I am poorer than you," said he, bitterly. And then a handsome carriage came swiftly round the corner, and almost upon him; as he leaped hastily aside, he caught a glimpse of a man who reclined far back on the comfortable seat; he could scarcely be deceived in a face so well known—it was Stamford. Had any missile been at hand, he would probably have flung it after the now hated attorney; there was not, so he gave him a bitter curse instead, and passed on.

Frank bent his steps to a narrow street, leading from the Strand towards the river, and rang at a door upon which shone a large brass plate, with the legend of "Harply and Wyse,

Solicitors," engraved upon it. The door was opened by Mr. Harply, in person, a tall thin man, with a sallow face, black hair, and beetling eyebrows.

"You were not long drawing that brother of yours, Mr. Wyvil; now then for the bill, time presses," said the attorney.

"I have not got it," answered Frank, sullenly, "nor shall I again seek to drag my generous brother into your infernal toils."

"Hold, Mr. Wyvil, you are hard upon me. You first seek to transact business with me, and then upbraid me for it. But this money or security must be got. I am hard pressed by others who will not hear delay." And so he continued, at one time giving dark hints of how painful the duty which he owed himself of arresting Frank would be, again persuading and cajoling. Assuring the weak young man that something would turn up before the bill became due, and urging him to obtain his brother's signature to the bond. Frank stormed and trembled alternately. At one time he vowed still that he would never ask his brother,

the next moment he hesitated, then declared he would make the effort. All this was but the struggle of the prey in the net. At length the attorney said, "Since, then, you refuse, I am under the very disagreeable necessity of arresting you."

Frank was defeated ; "I will go to Ernest," he said, and once again he turned towards Lincoln's Inn.

Frank had persuaded himself that he had made a great personal sacrifice in not insisting, in the first instance, upon his brother's putting his signature to the deed. He had never before met with a difficulty, much less a refusal, from his brother, and doubted not for a moment that he had but to repeat his request, or rather demand, to gain compliance. When, therefore, he had been overpowered by Harply's argument and threats, he looked upon Ernest's submission to his will as a matter of course. His unstable mind was for the moment bent upon its purpose with an intensity proportioned to its former vacillation. With the fatal paper in his hand he burst into Ernest's room.

There sat Ernest, calm and gentle as ever, still deep in his studies, by the light of one small candle. The embers in the little grate had long since expired ; he did not expect his brother again, and for himself he cared not. When the door opened he looked up with pleased surprise, and welcomed his visitor. I shall not dwell on the painful scene that followed. Frank laid down the paper before his brother with a demand that he should sign it immediately, “for,” said he, “I have no other chance of escape.” To his extreme surprise Ernest replied, in a low voice, “Brother, I will not.” Frank haughtily pressed his wishes. “You surely cannot let your brother go to prison to save yourself from merely signing this paper.”—“All that I ever had I gave freely for you, Frank, except my honesty, with that I will not part.”

Ernest’s calm and determined manner, as much as the words he spoke, astonished, and then enraged, his fiery brother. “So you accuse me of dishonesty,” cried Frank, “as a cloak for your own selfishness. From regard

to the memory of our dear mother, I have till now endured your indifference to my ruin, but this I will not bear. It is enough, hollow hearted, you have sealed my ruin ; I see you no more." He then strode towards the door. Ernest sprang from his seat and endeavoured to intercept him. " Oh, do not leave me thus, dear brother," implored he, " let us stand or fall together. I will strive my utmost for you night and day if you will not leave—" The sentence was not finished, for Frank, finding his brother in the door to oppose his exit pushed him away with such violence that the lame man fell heavily back with his head against the opposite stair. He shuddered for a moment and then lay still, but his whitening lips murmured faintly, " Dear brother," till they closed in silence. Frank rushed furiously past, broke into the street, and slammed the outer door behind him. Thenceforth for many a long year the black November night was not darker than his future.

When Ernest again became sensible of " the sharp disease of life," it was some time before

he could distinctly recall the terrible reality of the parting scene. Probably some hours had since passed; the candle was flickering with an expiring light. The door of his chambers was open, upon the ground lay the book which had been dashed from his hand. There was no trace of Frank, but in the pain that throbbed in the brother's swollen temples, and in his bursting heart. Ernest could not rise, a crushing weight of woe was upon him. He pressed his hands over his pale face, and lay in silent agony. Oh, for one blessed tear! oh, for one kind word to loose the floodgates of that noblest humblest heart!

After a time he was sufficiently recovered to rise. His ideas were still somewhat confused, but one thought soon possessed his mind. "I will seek my brother." So, scantily clothed as he was, and with his head still uncovered, he wandered vaguely forth to seek for Frank. His steps were guided, more by a cloudy impression on his mind than by any distinct purpose, to the street where "Messrs. Harply and Wyse's" ill-omened brass plate glittered out

upon the darkness. He rang the bell violently, and for some time in vain. At length a voice was heard from an upper window, screaming "Murder! fire! police!" When Ernest had in a measure calmed the terrors which his strange appearance had excited, the elevated voice explained that no one remained in the attorneys' office of a night, and that it could not say where they lived. The window was then closed, and the narrow street was again silent. Ernest turned, and once more wandered irresolutely away.

He instinctively avoided the main thoroughfares, keeping down by the close and gloomy streets which border on the river. It would be impossible to tell where and how he bent his steps, but the night was well advanced when he found himself upon that long flight of stone steps leading down below the arches to the stream, on the eastern side of Blackfriars bridge. He had, indeed, slipped partly into the water. The intense cold recalled him to consciousness, and for the first moment for many hours, his blighted affection—the ruin

of his house, flashed with full force upon his mind. The hopes of boyhood long dimmed into doubt, had now darkened into despair. His devoted love had been repaid by foul and unprovoked insult, and far, far worse—its object was lost and ruined. Meanwhile the bitter November blast drove the rain and sleet into his face ; dismally it moaned through the lofty arches of the bridge. The lamps from the opposite shore threw broken and tortured lines of light over the furrowed surface of the flood.

He looked around : no living thing was in sight. An awful impulse seized him. A wild love for that deep, black flood ; a passionate longing for the repose lay like a hidden treasure beneath its slimy waters. He looked up, not a star shone in heaven ; murky clouds hung darker than night itself over his head ; while still below, the lights of the great City danced on the eddying waves that seemed to beckon him to their treacherous embrace.

While his disordered mind thus trembled upon the brink of perdition, he had not per-

ceived a little ragged urchin, who had approached him in silence and touched his clothes. Ernest started back terrified and guilty. The presence of even that miserable fellow-being recalled him instantly from the horrible dream which had wrapped his bewildered fancy. He hated and despised himself for the coward thought that for a moment had sullied his soul. He turned and hastened away from the scene of his temptation, followed by the little boy, who prayed piteously for food and shelter.

The rain now poured down in streams ; the wind blew searching cold ; the wretched child had neither stockings nor shoes, and but a few rags to cover his blue and shivering limbs. He could hardly chatter out in answer to Ernest's questions, that he had neither father nor mother, nor friend, nor home in the wide world. No happier incident could have occurred at the moment for Ernest's tortured spirit. His quick sympathies were aroused ; the power of soothing the misery of another turned him from the contemplation of his own. He spoke kindly

to the child, and told it to follow him, and he would give it shelter ; but the little creature's chilled limbs could not keep pace with Ernest's steps, and it lagged behind. He then raised it tenderly in his arms and carried it along. When he reached his chambers he set the remains of his own scanty fare before the child, who devoured them ravenously ; the kind host in the meantime lighted the fire, and made up a warm nest upon the hearth-rug for his little charge, and soon saw him sleeping soundly ; he then sat down for a few minutes contemplating almost cheerfully the warm light of the fire flickering upon the pinched features of the little wanderer, and at length tears of pleasure filled his eyes. Finally, overcome with fatigue, he also went to rest, and for a time found sweet forgetfulness. Morning had ripened into day when he awoke ; then one by one the many woes which made up the stream of sorrow poured themselves upon his soul.

When Ernest arose his first care was to look to his little friend of the previous night.

There was still the nest upon the hearthrug, but the bird was flown ; on looking around he perceived that the precocious young villain had carried off everything of apparent value that he could lay hands on. All search would probably have been vain, and, besides, he humbly felt that he still owed the wretched young outcast an obligation which could never be repaid.

In the mean time Mr. Harply arrived to inquire for Frank “ on particular business ; ” this still further alarmed Ernest. He sallied out, and searched diligently all his brother’s supposed haunts ; he inquired of every one who might by chance afford a clue, but in vain. At length he sought the aid of the Police, and advertised the missing man, still vainly. Harply, too, also sought him diligently, not for love, and alike fruitlessly.

Day after day Ernest returned wearily to his chambers from his vain search, and day after day hope declined. He turned anew to his legal studies, and strove to bury his sorrows and anxieties in his dusty volumes. Already

he had acquired almost a mastery of the theoretical portion of his intricate profession, but he had, alas! hitherto had little opportunity for exercising his acquirements. Altogether without legal connexion or interest, he found no complaisant solicitors to encourage and prop him up in his forensic infancy. A barrister of some eminence occupied the chambers over Ernest's gloomy ground-floor; his bell was perpetually ringing. Black figures, with green bags and heavy feet, were constantly passing—passing!—Ernest's door to the dwelling of the legal Dives above. But none sought him.

One day Ernest was pacing his narrow chamber sadly, but not despondingly; he had laid aside his books for a few minutes, as was occasionally his wont, and given the rein to thought. He loved to trace up the stream of memory to its source, and to dwell upon every ray of sunshine which it had ever reflected. Most of his happy recollections were indeed very remote, in childhood, when he used to wander hand-in-hand with his beloved brother among

the shadowy glades and sunny hills of their now lost inheritance—"lost, but not for ever." There was something almost prophetic in the humble but unshaken confidence with which Ernest, through poverty and ruin, still rested on those hopeful words, "but not for ever." Ernest's meditations were interrupted by a loud conversation in the passage, usually so quiet. Curiosity led him to open the door; a clerk stood upon the stairs defending the transit against a fussy fat little man, who insisted on seeing Dives upon "business which admitted of no delay." But "Dives was engaged, he could not be interrupted."

The fat man turned to depart discomfited, when he espied Ernest standing at the half-opened door, upon which the name appearing at full length, in legal fashion, attracted his attention; years ago he had received some kindness from Lady Wyvil while a clerk in the neighbouring town. He stopped, and said to himself half aloud, "It is but a matter of form after all, one will do as well as another." "Mr. Wyvil, I presume, sir?" continued he

audibly, "can I speak with you for a few moments on business?"

"Certainly," answered Ernest, with a pleasure that he found it difficult to conceal, and the fussy attorney and he were soon seated together conning over some parchments which the former had produced from a green bag.

"As a reward for your patient hearing," said the narrator, "I shall now transport you to a period ten years in advance of that when Ernest first made the acquaintance of his friend Mr. Thompson, the fat and fussy attorney."

Ernest and Thompson were seated together in the same chamber, and probably on the same chairs as when we saw them last. There was little change in the room or its furniture, but that every available place was piled with parchments, deeds, and papers. In the passage dark figures, with green bags, were passing to and fro, as formerly, to the room where Dives had once dwelt, but now they awaited the moment when Ernest might spare them a brief and precious interview. The young barrister had prospered with an almost unheard-

of prosperity. For the first year or two he had struggled with desperate difficulties ; often and often had he lacked the merest necessities of life. But the strong will never bent, the strong hope never failed in the darkest hour of that long night of poverty.

Thompson had been favourably impressed by Ernest during his first short interview. He had not much in his power, but he contrived occasionally to throw some small matters of business in the young barrister's way. For a long time, however, the cases were not of a nature to afford any opportunity for the exercise of talent or acquirement ; at length, by one of those happy accidents, of which probably nearly all successful men have grateful recollections, in a cause of some importance Ernest was unexpectedly called upon to take a prominent part during the absence of seniors. His thoughts not being distracted by multiplicity of business, Ernest had thoroughly mastered his brief ; as has been already hinted, the undivided attention of his powerful mind had not been directed in vain to the study of

his profession. When he rose to speak the Court listened to the unknown young man at first with condescending curiosity, but as he continued, curiosity became attention, and attention interest. Happily his cause was the cause of the oppressed,—an almost romantic story of a cruel guardian and wronged orphans. His statement of the facts was calm and lucid, his observations on the legal points at issue displayed a degree of knowledge and acumen that surprised, alike, clients and opponents; but as he warmed in his appeal to the jury upon the general merits of the case, his fervid eloquence carried all before it. Had the dumb spoken his audience could hardly have been more astonished than when the pale, lame man put forth that giant power, pent up for years till then. The day was far advanced when he sat down. The opposing counsel directed all his efforts to an adjournment of the case. “For,” urged he, “it would be a fatal injustice to my client’s cause to call upon the jury for their decision while still dazzled by this brilliant and extraordinary appeal.”

Ernest's success was complete and, perhaps, unexampled; from that time he rapidly progressed to fame and fortune. Business crowded upon him. Each new case of difficulty was but a new opportunity of display. Meanwhile his character was unimpeached and unimpeachable. With him no legal sophistry could mask the hideousness of falsehood. No hope of professional advancement; no bribe, however conventional, could induce him to throw his powerful weight into the scale of guilt or wrong. While ambition tempted, while wealth allured, he passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal of temptation.

And yet Ernest appeared to love money. He must, for a time, labour under that unworthy accusation. His friends could not deny, and therefore only regretted it. Not that he was illiberal, for real and deserving poverty never pleaded to him in vain, but he appeared possessed with a passion for accumulating. His personal expenses were narrowed to the very limits of propriety. He still occupied the same obscure chambers, and still laboured incessantly.

Then he looked keenly about for good investments; he bought and sold funds and stocks with a sagacity that almost savoured of pre-science. He succeeded in all his undertakings; Midas-like, his touch seemed to turn everything to gold. Before Ernest was six-and-thirty years of age he was a rich man.

Time had dealt kindly with this prosperous man. His frame, with the exception of his fixed infirmity, was erect and vigorous. Great mental exertion had thinned his hair and touched it with silver, but that only served to develope more fully his noble forehead, and to aid the gentle dignity of his expression.

I must not lose sight of Mr. Thompson, however, while dwelling on the praises of my friend Ernest. There is, fortunately, not much to say about him, but that he is grown grey, more fat, and less fussy than of old. He has a profound admiration and regard for Ernest, who fully returns the regard, and the admiration, as far as worth and warm-heartedness are concerned.

Ernest and Thompson were, as I said before,

seated together ; the latter was turning over the leaves of a brief, which was to be submitted to the brilliant barrister's attention. "It is odd enough," said he, while arranging the papers, "that this old Mr. Conway should be so well acquainted with all people and places in which you are interested ; he tells me that he saw a great deal of your brother Frank in the South of France ; however, as he will be here immediately, he can tell you all he knows himself."

While he yet spoke Mr. Conway was announced.

Mr. Conway was rector of the parish where Wyvil Manor stood. He had always been on terms of friendly intimacy with the ancient family, had christened the brothers, and had read the last solemn service over Sir Francis and his gentle wife. He had not succeeded in keeping on friendly terms with the new proprietor. He felt even more strongly than other neighbours, the fact that the gloomy and unsocial Stamford had ousted the Wyvils by unworthy schemes. From the first they disa-

greed; mutual dislike increased, and finally, about some comparative trifle, they went to law. Their bitterest enemies could not wish them worse.

The struggle continued with obstinacy. Judgments were obtained and then reversed. New points were started, until at length, when every mutual injury had been inflicted of which local courts admitted, the cause was referred to the House of Lords. Thompson, who had been known to Mr. Conway in early youth, was his London agent, and Wyvil was his leading counsel for the approaching trial. They had met to discuss the case.

Mr. Conway was much broken by ill health, and had become not a little peevish and wrong-headed. The brief time that lay at Ernest's disposal was fully consumed in extracting the necessary information from the old man, and persuading him to the most judicious line of action; so that no opportunity was afforded to talk of Frank. However, by the bribe of tidings from his still beloved brother, Ernest was induced to promise a visit during the evening to Mr. Conway's lodgings.

I must not omit a rapid account of Frank's life during the intermediate years. How he escaped from the legal toils which beset him in London was never clearly ascertained, or how he found means to convey himself to Boulogne his port of refuge. There he remained for some time urging applications by every post to his own, and his father's connections and friends of more prosperous times. At length he succeeded in obtaining an appointment in India sufficiently valuable to give him a fair start in life. He could not venture to return to England as his creditors were still alert, so he proceeded direct to the East to undertake his new functions. Then, and not till then, did he vouchsafe a brief letter of forgiveness to Ernest. His post was in a remote and unhealthy part of the country; his constitution rapidly became impaired, and his quick but selfish spirit sank under the terrible monotony of his duties. He first drank deeply, and then took to the deadlier stimulant of opium. He seldom wrote in answer to Ernest's frequent and affectionate letters, but enough transpired to convince the

anxious brother that his mode of life was sapping the vigor of body and mind. After a residence in India of about ten years, Frank obtained leave to visit the south of Europe as a last chance for his life. There he had renewed with Mr. Conway the acquaintance of his childhood.

Ernest had so many questions to ask about Frank that his evening at the old clergyman's lodgings passed rapidly away. Despite the friendly colouring given to all the information which he received, he could not but discover that his brother's habits and state of health were deplorable. So painfully interested was he in the conversation that he scarcely noticed Mr. Conway's daughter farther than the forms of an introduction required. She sat occupied in knitting, while an open book lay before her, from which she had been reading aloud to her father before Ernest's entrance.

She seldom joined in the discourse, except when from time to time she supplied some word or fact that had escaped the old man's memory. Her voice was singularly sweet, an

echo voice, that fell upon the heart as well as the ear, even where the words which it conveyed possessed no peculiar interest. Ethel Conway had no great claim to beauty, except in long eye-lashes, large hazel eyes, very gentle yet intelligent, and an amazing richness of dark brown hair. Her figure, however, was faultless, in promise at least, for she was scarcely nineteen years old.

When Ernest rose to take leave, his attention was for the first time fixed upon his friend's daughter. Her frank and graceful farewell surprised him into a pleasant impression. In his busy care-haunted life, he had had little or no opportunity of enjoying the softening influences of women's society. He almost blushed as he took the small white hand that Ethel Conway extended to her father's friend.

The following evening Ernest renewed his visit. On this occasion Ethel was far from being so isolated from the conversation as before. The old man probably found his gifted guest somewhat inattentive to his peevish and oft-repeated complaints of his health and

his affairs; and once during a portion of the conversation, which appeared very interesting to the other two, he actually drooped and nodded his grey head in a highly suspicious manner.

Our time will not allow of more details. Were there any ladies amongst you they would already have guessed at a new secret which weighed on Ernest's mind. Before the time arrived for Ethel Conway to leave London, he loved her; he loved her with the whole strength of his true and honest heart. He never stopped to consider the great disparity of their ages; he never asked himself whether her gentle, unaspiring spirit was fitted to mate with his; but his mind was fixed in his affection as it had ever been in his resolves. Unskilled as he was in the strange riddles of woman's heart, he observed with ignorant regret that as their acquaintance progressed Ethel's manner towards him underwent a change. She no longer received him with the frank and cordial greeting which she had at first given to her father's friend, and a certain embarrassment

manifested itself when he addressed her. There was also one subject that always seemed to throw a shade of trouble over her : whenever Frank's name was mentioned she withdrew from the conversation. Ernest's quick and sensitive observation soon perceived this. He was aware that Frank had been thrown much in Ethel's society ; and he recollected but too well how brilliant and fascinating his brother had been. Was he, whom he had loved best, to whose interests he had devoted the secret purpose of his life, his rival ?

Ernest was wretched. He would have made any sacrifice to know that which he could not ask. All his efforts to elicit proof or disproof of his forebodings failed. He could not openly seek to know from her who alone could tell, for in seeking an explanation he could only appear as standing forth to supplant his brother. He had never yet, as he thought, allowed his feelings towards Ethel to display themselves. Could he do so now when his exiled brother, perhaps, fancied himself secure in her heart ? There was but one course left, and in that

there was the dreaded evil of delay. He wrote to Frank, without any allusion to himself, asking the momentous question.

Meanwhile Mr. Conway's lawsuit terminated favourably—that is, less ruinously for him than for Stamford, and he left London for his parsonage; of course he pressed Ernest to visit him whenever he could spare time. “Ethel and I shall always be delighted to see our dear friend,” said he; Ethel said nothing.

During the past ten years affairs had not prospered with Stamford; his difficulties, indeed, began with the purchase of Wyvil Manor. To gain this cherished object he had strained to the utmost all his resources, and even the credit of the bank was somewhat damaged by the expenses of a contested election for the neighbouring borough, in which his son was the unsuccessful candidate. Even Frank Stamford's great popularity was not sufficient to counterbalance the general dislike felt towards his father. The young man felt keenly the disappointment to his ambition, and determined for a time to divert his thoughts

by foreign travel. His father consented more willingly than he had expected, and Frank speedily made preparations for his journey. The night before he started his father summoned him to the private room which he always occupied, that where the portraits of Sir Francis Wyvil and of the southern beauty were suspended over the mantelpiece.

Stamford motioned to Frank to seat himself in the arm-chair opposite to that which he occupied. He was very pale, and although his face bore the same stern and impassive expression as usual, the son's practised eye saw that he was deeply moved. After some minutes of silence Stamford, with a painful effort, spake as follows:—

“ You may have been surprised, my son, at my having so readily agreed to part with you for a time; you, who are the only living person whom I do not despise or hate. But it is best for you to go, a struggle is at hand, you can be of no use, you would only embarrass me. I am not so rich as I appear. Things have gone wrong with me of late. I have

entered into a speculation which will make or mar me, and to undertake this I have contracted liabilities to a very large amount. " On the 1st of the coming May these acceptances will be due; if my scheme have not then ripened, and my bills be not renewed, we are ruined, Frank. Enough of this; I have done all that wisdom can devise, and must stand the issue.

" I have worked hard all my life, planned and schemed, darkly enough sometimes, for one sole end. No other living person knows that end, or why it has become the passion of my life. I have been wronged, Frank, deeply wronged, from my birthday till now. You should never have known this, but that I feel a foreboding that we may not meet again; and, before we part, I would have your solemn promise, that should I fail in the coming crisis you will devote your life to right the wrong which is yours and mine alike: I am the rightful heir of Wyvil Manor, by the law of nature, if not by the narrow law of man. The pompous old tyrant, Sir Francis Wyvil.

was my father. In the outset of his military career he was for some time in the garrison of Gibraltar; from thence he made frequent visits to Cadiz. By an accident he became acquainted with Petra Martinez (Stamford pointed to the painting over the mantelpiece), the daughter of a Valencian noble. Her father was in South America, and she was under the care of a worthless guardian. She had youth, wit, and beauty; the young Englishman was dazzled by her brilliance, and offered her his hand. The guardian refused his offer, and forbid him the house. Wyvil was not to be deterred by difficulties, he found means of communicating with Petra, arranged their flight to a small vessel that lay in readiness, and in a few hours was at Gibraltar, where a marriage ceremony was privately performed by a Romish priest.

“In a few days the young couple began to discover each other’s faults. Wyvil was selfish and imperious, and Petra’s fiery temper knew no restraint. Difference of religion, race, and language, aggravated these evils; disputes

became quarrels, and two months had not elapsed when an altercation occurred which had nearly cost the Englishman his life. 'He used some insulting expressions towards his wife, and she, in ungovernable rage, seized a knife which lay at hand, and plunged it into his side. He fainted, and was with difficulty restored, she made her escape into Spain, and they never met again. Soon after I was born, I was sent to my father at Gibraltar, with the trinkets which he had given to his wife. A peasant bore me thither, and departed again unquestioned.

“ My father rejoiced exceedingly in being rid of the fierce Spaniard, especially when he discovered that his marriage by a Romish priest was invalid. Thenceforth he hated me, but his pride would not permit that I should want for such care as money could procure. I was sent to England, and brought up under the name I now bear, as a distant relation of Wyvil's, whose parents had died in India. As I grew up I found means to gain a powerful influence over my haughty but weak father.

I believe he still hated me, but I wormed from him the dark secret of my birth. I kept the secret, but strained every nerve to gain evidence of my parents' marriage. I was baffled ; inquiry only tended to confirm the illegality of the ceremony, and I have never been able to discover any trace of my mother.

“ I resolved that none should ever know the unjust stain upon my birth. My father was sure to keep the secret, for he was married again to that pale, insipid woman whose portrait I have thrust aside and replaced by that of my mother, copied from a miniature which I had persuaded Wyvil to give me. I thenceforth devoted every energy of my life to win back the inheritance of which an unjust law had robbed me. I have laboured hard to crush those brothers who held my rights. I ruined them. I strove hard, through my agents in London, to entangle them and get them into my power, but they have escaped me,” cried he, furiously ; and he continued, with an awful oath, “ I believe they will upset me still. I earnestly desired that you should have gained

a seat in Parliament and risen to power and honour, and at length, when our fortunes were secured, that you should have taken the steps which heraldic folly imposes, and assumed your rightful name of 'Francis Wyvil.' ”

Frank Stamford started on his journey with a heavy heart. The painful story of the past and the forebodings which he had just heard weighed down his spirit. He could by no means enter into his father's feelings about the Wyvils; his recollection of the elder brother was almost affectionate, and his knowledge of Ernest impressed him with respect and regard. He had not, however, hesitated to promise his father that he would, through life, do his utmost to retain the ancestral estate.

He wandered for some time on the Rhine, visited Paris, and at length chance directed him to Bagnères de Bigorre, where Frank Wyvil had established himself. They met in a foreign land; all family dissensions were forgotten, and they soon became on terms of close intimacy. Frank, broken in health, selfish, and peevish, though he was, still re-

tained not a little of that charm of appearance and manner which had so much distinguished him in youth; and his knowledge of the place and society, with his varied experiences of the world, made him an agreeable companion for the young traveller, who, on the other hand, pleased Wyvil by his good temper and vivacity. They amused themselves during the day in such excursions as the invalid's health could bear, and in the evening they mixed in the society of the place.

Among the acquaintances to whom Wyvil introduced Stamford, were M. and Madame de St. Jean, who, although far advanced in years, still retained sufficient wit and acuteness to gather around them the gayest, if not the worthiest among the visitors at the baths. No one knew exactly who they were, or whence they had come, but Monsieur was so polite, and Madame so agreeable, and they gave such charming little parties, that people were not too rigid in inquiries about their antecedents. Madame was probably many years older than her husband, but still retained the traces

of what must once have been remarkable beauty. Neither had age altogether subdued a temper naturally violent and overbearing ; when she gave way to these fierce ebullitions, and her voice rose above its usually modulated tone, a slight foreign accent became observable.

The principal amusement at Madame's *soirées* was play, she herself never joined in the games, and occasionally chid her husband playfully for carrying off her young and agreeable guests to his stupid table. She remained the centre of a circle of such wit and beauty as the place afforded, and usually retired before the ~~real~~ pursuit of the evening seriously began. Many of the young men remained when the ladies had departed, and partook of charming *petits soupers* with M. de St. Jean, which refreshment was always succeeded by play, deep and long continued ; among these was Stamford. Frank Wyvil lazily remonstrated with him for falling into the toils. "Why do you not do as I do ? I enjoy Madame's wit without being swindled by her husband's." The in-

valid's friendship was of too languid a nature to be energetically exerted, and he probably would not have troubled himself with even giving a warning, but that he was bored by the late hours of his companion, and by his excited and altered manner.

Young Stamford was naturally far from vicious, but his weak and wayward character rendered him an easy prey to the spoilers. He lost his money freely and carelessly at first ; St. Jean was charmed with his acquaintance ; Madame declared he was delightful, and would never allow him to play while the ladies remained. Her delicate health, however, demanded early hours, so that abundant time was left for her husband's and her own machinations. The reckless rich young Englishman was a famous prize ; they fastened upon, fascinated, and ruined him. It would be wearisome to trace step by step this downward path. He drew largely upon his father, became desperate, banished from his mind all recollection of the difficulties that threatened at home, and at last was involved to an amount so great, that

extrication appeared hopeless. Such was the state of affairs at Bagnères when the same post brought letters bearing the same postmark, but in different hand-writing, to Francis Wyvil and Francis Stamford. I must return to Somersetshire before I disclose the contents of these letters.

The 1st of May is close at hand. Old Stamford's carriage is seen day by day passing at an early hour to the neighbouring town. There is some unusual stir at the bank. "Coming events cast their shadows before." The old confidential clerks do not look quite so imposing behind their desks as of old. Large packets of letters arrived and departed by express and at unusual hours. Whispers swelled into murmurs that something was amiss. Then the townspeople and the neighbouring farmers began to press in; some to draw their deposits, others to exchange their notes. As yet, however, no difficulty appeared; there were apparently ample funds at hand to satisfy all these timid customers, and the pressure began in a measure to subside. The

fact was that full provision had been made for all the small local demands, but liabilities to a great amount were outstanding in London, and threatened like a thunder cloud. Stamford alone of all those concerned knew their full danger, for he had discovered that nearly all of these had been purchased at more or less of a sacrifice by the man whom alone he dreaded — Ernest Wyvil.

But still there was a chance of safety. It was said that Ernest Wyvil loved money : should he use the power he had gained for Stamford's ruin his own loss would also be enormous. Remittances sufficient to tide over the crisis were day by day expected from a house in India to which large advances had been made. Surely no sane man would again, like Samson, cast down the pillars for his own and his enemies' destruction ! On the 29th of May, Stamford addressed a letter to Ernest Wyvil. This was no appeal for pity : the stern old man did not dream of appealing to a feeling which he himself had never experienced. He stated the case simply and truthfully enough.

“There is no love between us. I have worked against you and yours, and I have won. The tide is turned, I am now in your power, but you cannot strike me without wounding yourself. If I fall you must lose the fruits of years of toil. I write not only to seek that you should hold over your claims, but that you should assist me through this crisis. I know that you possess sufficient resources. I can keep my doors open till the day after to-morrow : if you bring or send assistance by that time, in a few weeks we shall be safe, if not, I am ruined and your securities are valueless.” When he had despatched this letter he again applied himself quietly to business. He seemed pale and thoughtful, but not anxious : he had done all that could be done, and with apparent calmness he awaited the result.

The next day letters arrived with a foreign postmark, and directed in Frank’s handwriting. These once prized letters were no longer welcome. Now they always contained demands for money which would have staggered Stamford even in days of prosperity. And they

were written in an incoherent strain of mingled contrition and recklessness even more alarming than the requirements which they conveyed, while at the same time rumours had reached the unhappy father of the fatal toils that entangled his beloved son. He had repeatedly written in vain to urge Frank's return, and the emergency of his own affairs alone prevented him from at once flying to the rescue. This last despatch was even more alarming than those preceding.

Stamford's banking house was a somewhat imposing object in the country town; it occupied the corner of a block of solid buildings, and its large bow-windows, and the granite pillars at the entrance were seen for a considerable distance up the slope of the hill whence the London road descended. About noon on the 1st of May, there was an unusual bustle in the neighbourhood. Men with anxious faces pressed eagerly into the door of the bank, but issued forth again in a few minutes, apparently reassured. As yet all demands were being paid, slowly but unhesitatingly. Stamford sat

in his place superintending the business in his usual self-possessed manner. Those who knew him well might have observed that he was somewhat pale, and that his thin blue lips were firmly compressed. He however betrayed no further symptoms of emotion; he stirred not from his seat, nor did he appear to throw one glance upon the London Road that lay before the bow-window. But who may describe the intensity of the passions that worked beneath this calm seeming? Every moment he expected the answer from Ernest; upon it hung his fate, and he could not doubt that Ernest was his enemy. For nearly forty years, ever since he had heard the story of his birth, he had fixed the deep passion of his heart upon the one object. By patient toil, by daring schemes, by unbending resolution, he had won the prize that now, like "Dead-sea fruit," was but ashes in his grasp.

Meanwhile a cloud of dust rapidly approaches along the London road. Every one appears to observe it but Stamford. He still remains with his eyes calmly fixed upon some

perhaps unimportant documents which lie before him, but he, and he alone, knows that in that carriage now descending the hill is borne his safety or his ruin ; he has heard the rattling wheels, and guessed their errand long since. The horses stretch panting and steaming down the hill, and yet how slowly to the watcher do they seem to creep along ! How endless seem those awful moments of suspense. True that there is not much hope, but enough remains to render exquisite the torture of delay.

The rattling wheels stop with a jerk at Stamford's door, a pale lame man bursts from the carriage, and throws some papers on the counter before the cashier. It is Ernest ; his weight is thrown into the sinking scale ; he demands payment of his securities, and the bank is broken.

The winding up of Stamford's affairs did not prove so disastrous as had been expected ; large remittances arrived soon after the failure, and the sale of his property and his shares in various speculations left little or none of the creditors' claims unsatisfied. The Manor, with

its furniture, and the neighbouring farms, which had originally belonged to the estate, were purchased by Ernest's London agents on the account of Francis Wyvil.

About this time Ernest received from his brother an answer to the momentous question as to his knowledge of Ethel Conway. "You will be happy to hear, my dear Ernest," wrote Frank, "that I consider an engagement exists between Ethel Conway and me, and I am pleased to observe that your impression is favourable of one likely to become so near a relative. You know I hate scenes, so I never sought for any avowal from the young lady herself; but I took occasion to mention the subject to Mr. Conway before his departure from this place, and requested him to convey my views, and to inform me of their reception. As well as I recollect, he told me something about objections on Ethel's part, maidenly reserve, and all that sort of thing, you know. However I am now sufficiently well to look forward to a visit to England, where I shall soon press matters to a conclusion, of which

Ethel's frank kindness of manner leaves no doubt. By-the-by, young Stamford is here, entangled in the toils of a clever old Frenchwoman and her swindling husband; she made a vain attack upon me also, and, although apparently most gracious, honours me with an especial and almost unaccountable aversion."

The time had now arrived to which Ernest had looked forward with humble but unshaken hope during many a toilsome year. Against odds that might have daunted the bravest, he had striven and won. He had redeemed the errors of his house, he had fulfilled his dying mother's will. He and his beloved brother might once more meet beside the hearth of their fathers, where the stranger's fire shall never blaze again; they may wander forth, as when innocent boys, among the hallowed haunts of childhood, and at length may lay them down to rest in the old churchyard among the tombs of their ancient race.

But now, even in the noonday of success, a cloud darkened over Ernest's mind. Alas! the joy with which he awaited his long-absent

brother was not unmixed. When he looked over the rich woods and fields of the regained inheritance, and on the time-honoured walls of the Manor House, the memory of the years of toil and self-denial by which they were won, only enhanced his anticipated happiness in giving them away. But when he looked beyond the undulating park to the hamlet on the hill-side, he saw the white gables of a modest dwelling through a grove from whence arose the old church-tower; there was the priceless treasure to which lands and gold were but as dross, and he who had never known a selfish or ungenerous thought, became a very niggard.

Time presses. I may not dwell upon the struggle in Ernest's heart. I can only tell its issue. He wrote to Frank; he told him of his prosperity and wealth, of which only faint rumours had before reached the absent brother; he briefly described Stamford's ruin, and the repurchase of the lost inheritance—"lost, but not for ever." "And now, beloved brother," he concluded, "hasten back, for it is all your own once more."

Ernest had fixed his course. He would welcome back his brother. Then Frank, as the rich owner of Wyvil Manor, might renew his suit; but Ethel should know that the younger brother loved her a thousand fold more than all the wealth which was no longer his.

On the receipt of Ernest's letter Frank was almost beside himself with joy. His gratitude to his brother knew no bounds. He longed intensely to fall upon his neck. He hastened to England, and the brothers met again at Wyvil Manor. For minutes they stood locked in each other's arms. Frank, from his full heart, poured forth every endearing expression that affection and gratitude could prompt; Ernest spoke never a word, but that strong man, from whom no selfish grief had power to force a tear, wept sweetly like a little child.

When Stamford had struggled out from the ruins of his fallen fortunes, his first impulse was to seek his son. He had received no letters for some time, and it was with deeply

anxious feelings that he alighted from the diligence at Bagnères de Bigorre. His worst fears were more than realised; Frank Stamford, one night that he had drunk deeply and lost ruinously at the house of Madame de St. Jean, laid desperate hands on himself: a few days before his father's arrival he had received a suicide's burial. In consequence of this dreadful affair M. and Madame de St. Jean had found the place no longer suited for their residence, and had decamped, no one knew whither. But the vengeance of a bereaved father was not to be balked: he laboured night and day to discover traces of their flight, and at length, with blood-hound instinct, hunted them down.

It was far advanced in the evening when Stamford ascended the stair of a retired but handsome house in Paris; he inquired of the servant who answered his summons "if he could have the pleasure of seeing M. and Madame de Marson" (this was the name they had assumed). "Certainly," was the reply, and he was ushered into a large room where

the twilight dimly revealed a male and female figure. They both rose hastily, at the unexpected entrance of a stranger, and moved towards the door. Stamford remained so as to intercept them. "I believe I address M. and Madame de St. Jean," said he, quivering with rage. No answer. "Speak," shouted he, furiously, "or I will do you some deadly harm." Madame reached the bell and plied it vigorously, but her terrified husband whined out a confession of identity. "Hah! vile murderers!—swindlers! I have caught you at last," roared he, hoarse with rage; "take this from Frank Stamford's father," and he struck the gambler to the ground. The woman faced Stamford fearlessly, and ordered him from the room. But his fury was now ungovernable. With frantic curses he seized the beldame by the throat and almost strangled her. Meanwhile servants crowded into the room, and vainly endeavoured to loosen his desperate grasp. Now a light is thrown on the woman's convulsed features. Suddenly her assailant relaxes his hold and starts back in horror.

Through the long course of years one face, known only in earliest childhood, had fixed itself in Stamford's memory. It had been ever present in the recollection of his wrongs; he had seen its approving smile through his dreams of hope, and fancy had painted its look of haughty triumph at his success. He might not for a moment mistake those well-remembered features, wasted though they were by time, and convulsed under his iron grasp; the hoary swindler—the destroyer of his only child—was his mother.

There was much surprise in the neighbourhood of Wyvil Manor when it transpired that its wealthy owner had urged an unsuccessful suit to Mr. Conway's portionless daughter. Frank himself was the first who let abroad this strange fact. He was still, when he chose to exert himself, eminently graceful and pleasing. Although years and ill-health had dimmed his eye and bent his frame, many a younger man might envy his fine features and his courtly bearing. His vanity had by no means diminished in proportion to his activity,

and in a little time it was plain that he had been more piqued than deeply wounded by his rejection. He consoled himself among the amusements of London. But the seeds of disease and death had been sown in Frank's constitution. Late hours and free living soon brought him to a sick bed. His days were numbered. By medical advice he was carefully removed to his native air. This proved a wise step; his life was prolonged for a few weeks—to him of inestimable value. By his own wish he was placed in the room where his mother had bidden him and Ernest farewell. Ernest was always by his side watching tenderly. Frank happily suffered no pain; his decline was rapid, but gradual. As time glided away from him he seemed to forget his selfish waywardness, and to become tender and affectionate as he had been in early youth. He spoke rarely, and with difficulty, but his eyes seldom wandered from Ernest, and even, through their dimness looked a depth of love that, perhaps, words could not have conveyed. At last when he died Ernest scarcely knew it

till the hand which he held in his began to grow cold.

Some years after this parting, chance took me one evening to Wyvil Manor. The family received me in the library. The room seemed little altered from what I remembered it long ago. Mr. Wyvil sat in one of the large arm-chairs by the fire-side, opposite to him sat Ethel, looking not unlike the quiet lady over the mantel-piece, save in an expression of calm unclouded happiness. Both man and wife were admiring the gambols of two sturdy boys to whom old Mr. Conway had given the names of Frank and Ernest.

CONCLUSION.

AND now the time approached, when our little circle was to break up for ever. The Lawyer's lengthy tale had occupied the last of our "Evenings at Sea." The Captain (a man of few words) had vouchsafed an affirmative nod to an observation of one of the party, that, "we should probably make the mouth of the Mersey on the morrow." Strange to say, our feelings upon this intelligence were far from unmixed. Something almost approaching to regret crossed the thoughts of some among us. During many tedious days we had been united by the strong tie of common interest. We had all been gratified by a fair and gentle breeze, and worried by a cross sea and contrary wind. Discordant as our several elements were, their forced

union was not inharmonious. On all the external events of the day our sympathies were kindred, and even this accidental sympathy gave a kindly bent to our mutual feelings, till we almost thought the Surgeon wise, the old Soldier witty, and the Lawyer agreeable.

But when the murky dawn revealed dim outlines of mountains, here and there capped with clouds, everywhere clothed in mist, and as the struggling sun at length threw out the long-remembered forms of the Welsh Highlands, the rock of memory was smitten, and poured forth its flood of happy recollections. Long years of foreign sojourn were overleaped; despite the driving sleet, our imagination saw the green hills and sunny valleys far beyond, and through the heavy mists, faces—loved, God knows how dearly!—beamed on us joyous welcome. We landed. In a few hours we reached these hills and valleys, but they were white with snow, and the loved faces—“Enough of this, kind friends, let us not part in sadness. Even

though some dear fellow-traveller in life's rugged journey be taken from us, the hour will come when his memory shall be to our hearts no longer sorrowful, while as ever sacred.

THE END.

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